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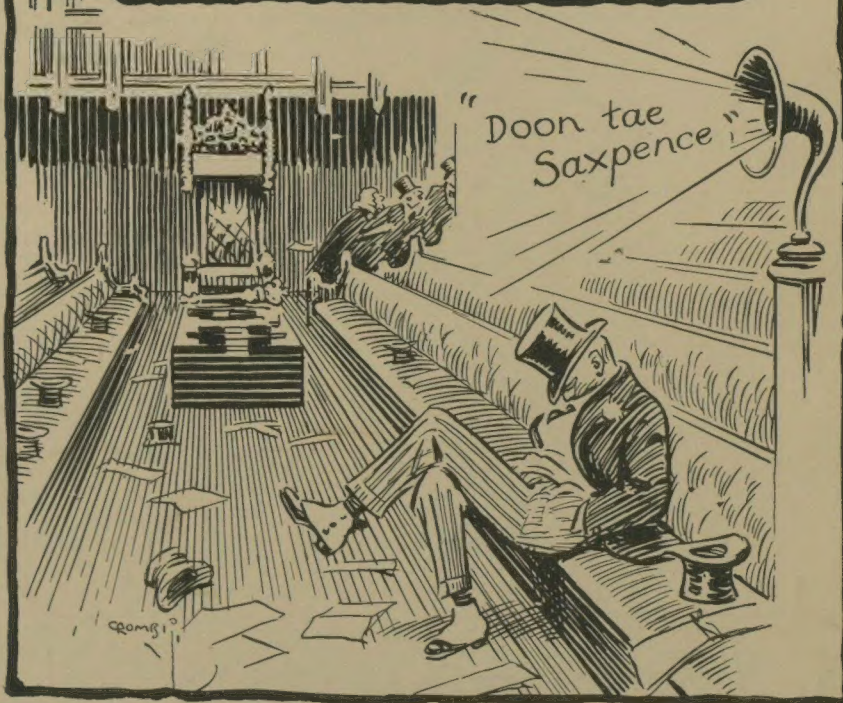
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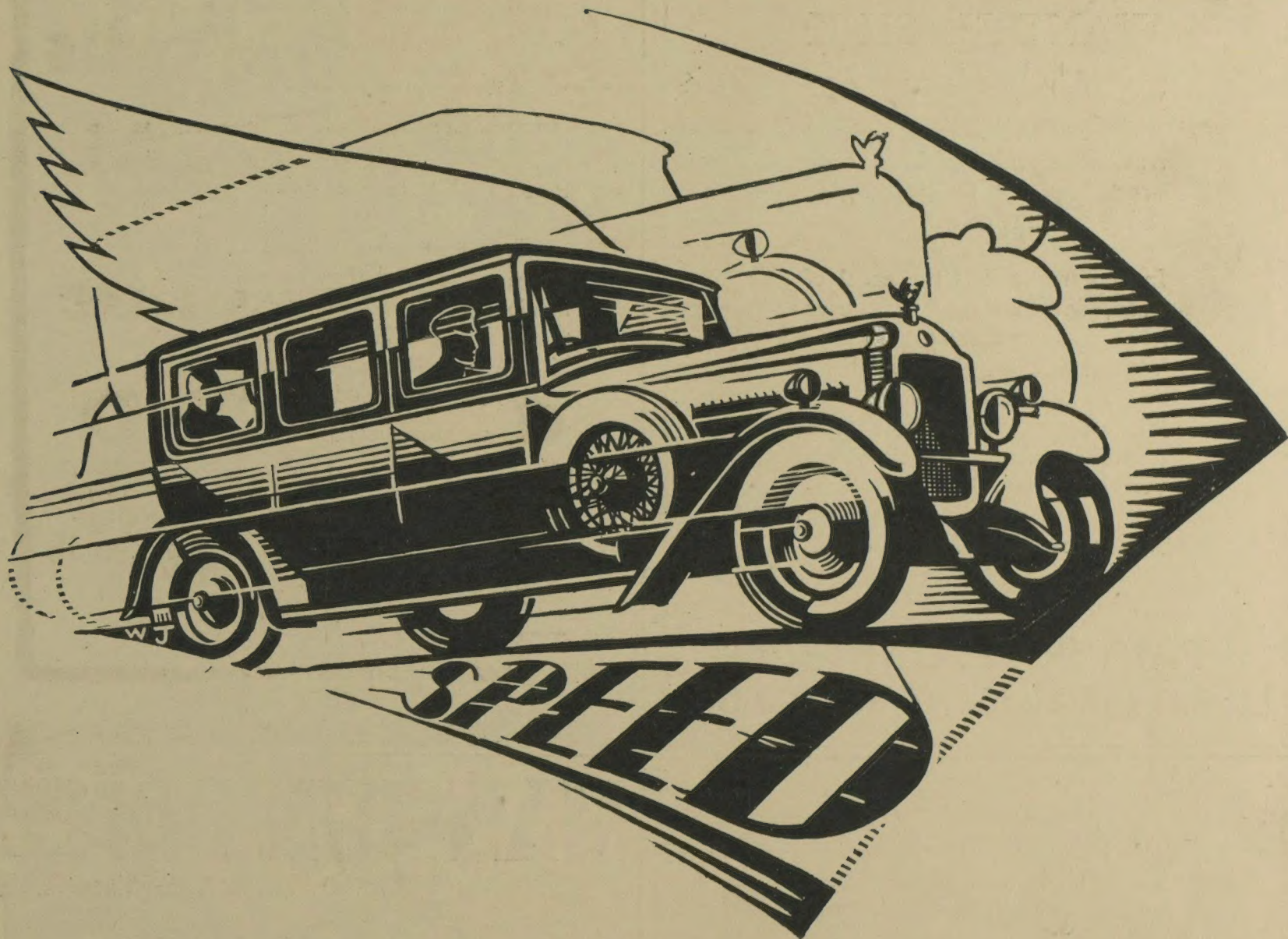
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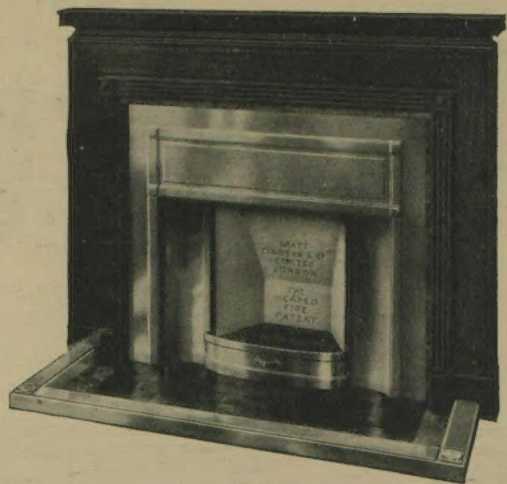
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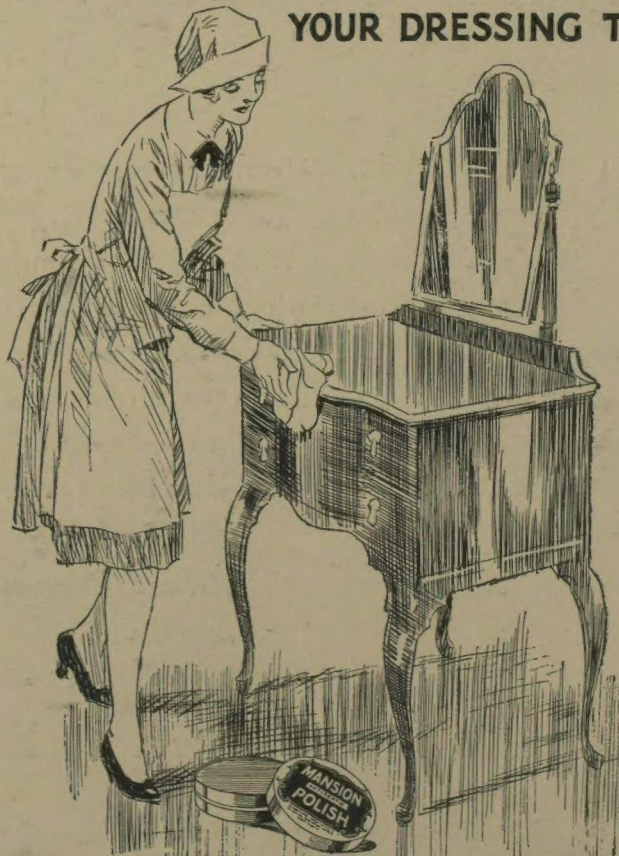
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1928.

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THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S ROYAL GUESTS FROM AFGHANISTAN: KING AMANULLAH AND QUEEN SURAYYA.

The King and Queen of Afghanistan took leave of their Majesties at Buckingham Palace, on the termination of their State visit, on March 15. They then drove to Claridge's Hotel, where the above photograph was taken, to stay there as guests of the British Government. Since their arrival in England King Amanullah and Queen Surayya, besides attending a number of official functions, have already seen many aspects of our national life, and will

doubtless have seen many more before their departure on April 5. They are keenly interested in everything, and have made themselves very popular wherever they go. Some of their activities are illustrated on a double page in this number. Among their engagements was a flight over London in an aeroplane on March 21. They have also arranged to visit Windsor, Oxford, Manchester, and Liverpool, and to attend the Grand National and the Boat Race.

THE BUSY KING & QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN.



THE AFGHAN QUEEN AS A LEADER OF WESTERN FASHION: LEAVING HER HOTEL ON HER FIRST LONDON SHOPPING EXPEDITION.



THE AFGHAN MONARCH INTERESTED IN MODERN WEAPONS OF WAR: KING AMANULLAH FIRING A LEWIS GUN IN THE PRIVATE RANGE OF THE B.S.A. WORKS AT BIRMINGHAM.

The King and Queen of Afghanistan have been indefatigable, since their arrival in this country on March 13, not only in attending the public ceremonies arranged in their honour, but in taking every opportunity to observe English life and institutions. One of their first acts was to visit the Cenotaph and the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, at both of which they laid a wreath of lilies, carrying it to its position together. In the evening the King and Queen gave a State Banquet in their honour at Buckingham Palace. The next day (the 14th) they received an Address from the City Corporation, and were the guests of honour at a luncheon in the Guildhall. They had a popular welcome in the streets as they went and returned in procession. That evening King Amanullah was entertained at a Government dinner at the Foreign Office, while Queen Mary and Queen Surayya saw "The Desert Song" at Drury Lane. On the 15th they

(Continued opposite.)



QUEEN SURAYYA'S RARE AND CHARMING SMILE: THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN, WITH SIR SAMUEL HOARE, SECRETARY FOR AIR (TO RIGHT OF THE QUEEN) AT THE R.A.F. DISPLAY.



AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT HENDON: (L. THROUGH FIELD GLASSES, QUEEN SURAYYA (WITH HER SISTER, AND MARSHAL OF THE AIR.)



TO R.) KING AMANULLAH INTENTLY WATCHING AIRCRAFT PROGRAMME PRINTED BOTH IN PERSIAN AND ENGLISH, THE R.A.F. SIR HUGH TRENCHARD.

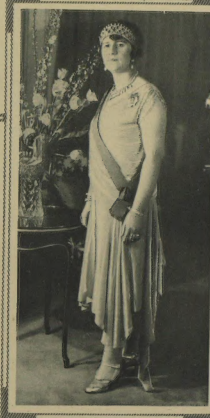


AT THE CENOTAPH: KING AMANULLAH AND QUEEN SURAYYA JOINTLY LAYING THEIR WREATH, INSCRIBED "FROM THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN" AT THE FOOT OF THE MEMORIAL.

MANIFOLD ACTIVITIES OF THE ROYAL VISITORS.



IN A FUR-TRIMMED BROCADE COAT THAT WON FEMININE ADMIRATION: QUEEN SURAYYA LEAVING HER HOTEL.



QUEEN SURAYYA WEARING HER WONDERFUL PEARLS: A PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY IN EVENING DRESS.



A PRETTY INCIDENT AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: QUEEN SURAYYA RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A LITTLE GIRL, MISS MONICA ROBINSON.



THE BRITISH AIR FLEET THAT GAVE A REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF POWER AND OF OVER A HUNDRED AEROPLANES OF EVERY TYPE.



EFFICIENCY BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN: AN ARRAY THAT TOOK PART IN THE R.A.F. PAGEANT AT HENDON.



AT THE GUILDHALL: THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN ON EITHER SIDE OF THE LORD MAYOR (SIR C. BATHO) LISTENING TO THE ADDRESS BY THE RECORDER, BEYOND WHOM ARE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND (TO RIGHT, MISSING ONE) PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN ENTERTAINED BY THE CITY OF LONDON IN THE GUILDHALL: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE DUCHESS OF YORK (SECOND FROM LEFT), KING AMANULLAH, THE LORD MAYOR, QUEEN SURAYYA, AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

(Continued.)

State Visit to Buckingham Palace ended, and they took up their quarters at Claridge's Hotel as guests of the Government. In the evening they attended a banquet at the Afghan Legation at which King George and Queen Mary were present. On March 16 King Amanullah inspected the works of the Birmingham Small Arms at Small Heath, while Queen Surayya rested in the morning, and in the afternoon paid a surprise visit to the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. On Saturday, March 17, they both witnessed a special display by the Royal Air Force organised in their honour at the Hendon aerodrome. King Amanullah watched every manoeuvre with keen interest, and remained standing for two hours, asking constant questions of Sir Hugh Trenchard, through Sir Francis Humphrys (British Minister to Afghanistan), who acted as interpreter. The printing of the programmes in Persian as well as English was much appreciated.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HINTED recently, in connection with what some persons have called the House of the Future, that I was not quite so pessimistic as they are. I should hesitate to describe it as a house; nor do I believe that the future will be as bad as all that. But there is a special reason for scepticism which is hardly realised by most disputants on either side. I doubt whether the ultra-modern machinery will work smoothly; or whether, after a time, it will work at all. It is always assumed that the present social tendency has only to go further and go faster; but I think it is likely to go further and fare worse.

The reason is that there is a catch in it; and the catch is in the word Contradiction. So many social tendencies are doing two opposite things at once. So many are doing what they are also undoing. The result is already, in some departments, a situation that is not merely top-heavy, but actually topsy-turvy. For instance, an extreme example of what I mean can be found in a thing like Prohibition. Prohibition is the latest of all experiments in the newest of all nations. And it has become impossible, in a sense beyond what we mean by impracticable or unjustifiable. It has become intellectually intolerable, just as a contradiction in terms is intellectually intolerable. It has now reached a stage in which the chief champions of the law are those who wish to go on violating it. The very men who most want to keep the law, in one sense, are those who refuse to keep it in the other. They wish to keep the law in order to break it, and to go on breaking it without breaking it down. That is a state of things intrinsically insane. It is not to be compared with anything so sane as fanaticism or tyranny. We may all have our opinions about Prohibition, as about Private Property or Capital Punishment, or anything else. But we should all say the world was mad if the gallows could not be abolished because it was so popular with the murderers. We should all stare if the law against burglary reposed almost entirely on the support of the burglars. Yet it is actually true that the law against boot-legging reposes almost entirely on the support of the boot-leggers. The combination of various things, the wild gamble of the modern money-market, the enormous secret power of great wealth in our time, the taste and talent of all Americans for certain kinds of adventure and risk, and, above all, the profound indifference of the normal conscience to a veto that is no part of Christian or common morals—all these parts of the complex machinery of modern society, working together, have come to a jar and a deadlock. The situation, as I have said, is intellectually impossible. It is too infernally foolish to last, even in this foolish world.

Now, if we look carefully at our daily life, we shall see that catch and contradiction everywhere. The forces that are conquering everything are defeating themselves. The energies that are devouring everything are devouring themselves. Let me take another obvious example. The distant village of Hugby-in-the-Hole is very picturesque. The more respectable parts of Hoxton are not so picturesque. It is therefore very natural, and even very right, that people in Hoxton should wish to go to Hugby. It is even natural, or at least pardonable, that they should wish to go to Hugby as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact, this generally means that they miss the beauty of about half-a-hundred Hugbys in between, merely by trying to get there too quickly. But we will let that pass—as they do the beauties of England. They go to Hugby; they settle down at Hugby; and they proceed, on

the same line of argument, to set up the same machinery of rapid movement which they felt to be justified in Hoxton. They have garages of ghastly architecture, petrol-pumps of fiendish colours, advertisements of petrol and cars and all the rest, exactly like those which plaster the streets of their original home. They originally went to Hugby because it was different from Hoxton. They then proceed to make Hugby exactly like Hoxton.

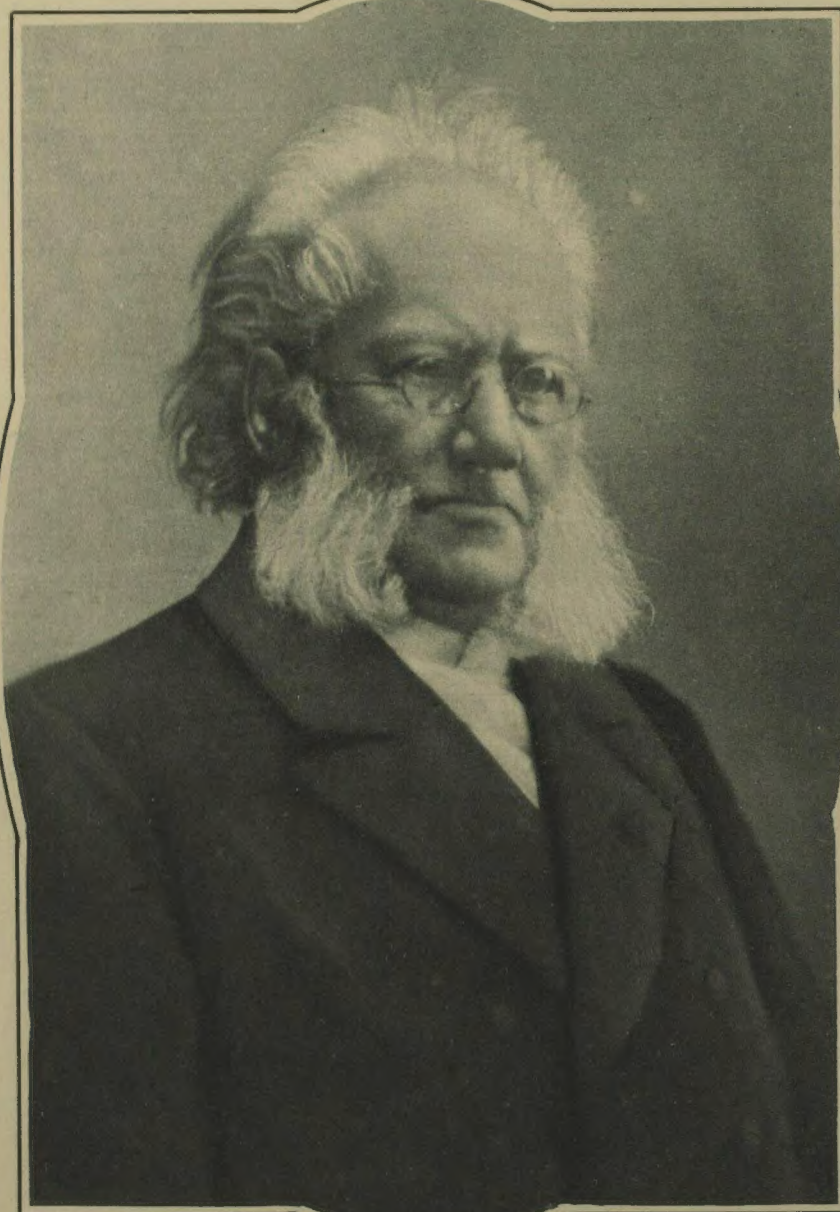
The next step of the argument, if it were a logical argument, would be that the people of Hoxton would

they first moved. They have broken the spring of their own action; and the machinery, even the mental machinery, has stuck. This is not a blank and black-and-white contradiction like that in which the principle of Prohibition has involved itself. Its logic can still go limping on after a fashion, by finding another beautiful village to turn into an ugly suburb, and yet another beyond that, until men in pursuit of beauty have made the whole earth ugly. But the process quite plainly has something wrong with it, something intrinsically and intellectually wrong; and it cannot really go on indefinitely, without destroying the possibility of doing all that it set out to do.

Observe that, as in the case of Prohibition, it is not a question of approving of the change. It is a question of approving and disapproving at the same time. A man may prefer a hideous suburb covered with petrol placards; a man may prefer a horrible provincial semi-civilisation deprived of the gift of wine. But we are talking about a process which defeats even its own end. A man may prefer Hoxton to Hugby; in that case his rational course would seem to be to stay in Hoxton and not to go to Hugby. I can quite understand and respect the spirited and sincere Cockney who says that he likes to live in London, and does not want to look for unspoilt villages. But the problem is concerned with the man who does want to look for unspoilt villages, in order to spoil them. And I say that there is, involved in the very mental machinery of all this modern situation, a sort of hitch or hold-up which must sooner or later, and in some fashion, make the whole progress a stoppage. I do not say that the solution of the problem will be easy. I only blame those who say that the working of the machinery will be smooth.

And, once more, if we look carefully, we shall see these hitches and catches all over the plan, even of a perfect machinery, as in the white nightmare of the ideal house of electricity. Men may up to a point make their methods consistent; only they cannot make their purposes consistent. I can imagine a sort of American Aladdin's Palace, of the kind described in these fairy-tales of science, equipped with all sorts of modern appliances as marvellous as the magic ring or the wonderful lamp. But a wise and imaginative reading of the ancient fairy-tales will generally show that they are rather

warnings against magic than mere advertisements of it. A vast number of them describe the complications and contradictions in which men are involved by what appears at first a preternatural piece of luck. The moral of very many fairy-tales is the moral of Thackeray's fairy-tale: "Fairy roses, fairy rings, turn out sometimes troublesome things." Such are the stories of the gold of Midas, or the admirable anecdote of the Black Pudding. And, in the same way, a wise and imaginative reading of the modern fairy-tales will show the same logic of mere extension becoming mere entanglement. The new Aladdin's Palace will have an aeroplane service to take him to the South Pole and a television instrument to bring the South Pole to him. But each will be a reason for not using the other; and the gradual transformation of the South Pole, by exactly the same aeroplanes and scientific instruments, will soon be a reason for not using either. There is an error in the whole calculation, which must be set right, or the adding of millions will be merely the adding of mistakes.



THE GREAT NORWEGIAN DRAMATIST WHOSE BIRTH CENTENARY HAS BEEN CELEBRATED: HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906), THE "FATHER" OF THE MODERN DRAMA OF IDEAS.

Henrik Ibsen was born on March 20, 1828, at Skien, a small timber port in southern Norway, and died at Christiania (now Oslo) on May 23, 1906. The centenary of his birth has just been commemorated at Oslo by a week of celebrations, which began on March 15, and included revivals of his chief works, attended by the Royal Family, an Ibsen Exhibition opened in the presence of the King of Norway, and a banquet to foreign guests in the City Hall. In the exhibition were several interesting English playbills—that of the first London performances of "Pillars of Society," at the Gaiety Theatre on December 15, 1881, and of "When We Dead Awaken," at the Haymarket on December 16, 1899, given in Norwegian, and partly arranged by the late Mr. William Archer, who appeared in the play. Among Ibsen's most famous works were "An Enemy of the People," "The Doll's House," "Ghosts," "Brand," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Master Builder."

no longer want to go to Hugby at all. They have taken away the number they first thought of. They have destroyed the motive on which

THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.

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THE EX-MAHARAJAH OF INDORE AND HIS BRIDE.

The ex-Maharajah of Indore was married to Miss Nancy Miller (or Devi Sharmishta), an American who was recently converted to Hinduism, on March 17.



MISS OLGA DE LA BARRA.

Has been appointed Chilean Vice-Consul for Scotland. Her father is Dr. Thomas de la Barra, the Consul-General. Thus woman has invaded another of man's strongholds!



LADY RUSSELL.

Wife of the Hon. Sir Odo Russell (Minister to the Holy See), new Minister at the Hague. Formerly Countess Marie Louise Rex, daughter of Count Rex, the Saxon diplomat.



MISS YOUNG.

One of the principals at High Trees, the scene of the fatal nursery school fire at Salfords, in which five children perished. She did heroic rescue work, and saved two.



MISS MARGARET K. KIDD.

The barrister daughter of the late Mr. James Kidd, the M.P. for Linlithgow, who died suddenly. She is to fight her father's constituency in the Conservative interest.



QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA.

Her Majesty is here seen in Belgrade. She is the grandmother of the boy King Michael, but is not one of the Regents. Her marriage to the late King took place in 1893.



MISS ROSE MACAULAY

Her new novel, "Keeping Up Appearances," has just been published by Collins. It tells of the various selves we may present to various people, and of the own particular self.



Mlle. GAIATRY.

Mlle. Gaiastry, who is a Hindu, won the recent Paris-to-Cannes race for horsewomen, after fourteen days' hard riding. The distance covered was about 700 miles.



MRS. KEITH-MILLER AND CAPTAIN W. N. LANCASTER.

The aeroplane "Red Rose" reached Port Darwin on March 19, after a flight from Croydon. Mrs. Keith-Miller and Captain Lancaster were aboard. This marks the longest flight ever undertaken by a woman.



LADY CHILSTON.

Wife of the new Minister at Budapest. Formerly Miss Jennings-Bramley. Designed the tapestries in the Lower Chapel at Eton College. The portrait is by that distinguished painter, the late Ambrose McEvoy.



MISS TENNYSON JESSE.

Her new book, "Many Latitudes," has just been published by Heinemann. It consists of short stories. Her most recent novel is "Tom Fool." She is Mrs. H. M. Harwood.

"LLOYD'S."

By JOHN OWEN.

THE new Lloyd's—the great building in Leadenhall Street and Lime Street, already a familiar sight to City men, which His Majesty the King has arranged to open to-day, March 24—is merely the newest of Lloyd's. There have been a number of successive "new Lloyd's," for this most celebrated of all insurance concerns has grown from the most modest beginnings. If it ceased long ago to be merely a place of business significant only to certain little groups of sailors, shipowners, and insurance brokers, and became a national institution, it is to-day not only a national institution, but something as universal as the North Star. They may never have heard of Beethoven in Batoum or of Thiers in Tibet; they may shake mystified heads at mention of Mussolini in Monte Video or of Tolstoi in Tokio; but they all know Lloyd's. The mere name of the thing is part of the verbal coinage of the world. How did it become so?

To go back to origins: Lloyd's was a coffee-house, called after its owner, which, after a brief period elsewhere, was set up at the corner of Abchurch Lane, Lombard Street. A learned commentator of the past recalls the couplet—

To Lloyd's Coffee-house he never fails
To read the letters and attend the sales.

The lines were written in 1700.

The need for some such institution as Lloyd's was to become must have been perceived by the first merchant-adventurer who went down to the quay and watched the little vessel in which all his hopes were centred as she moved downstream on her perilous quest for fortune. The noblest apology for the life of the ship-master undertaking the voyage, for the risks that he met, and for the hardships he endured, is still the speech made to the Merchant-Adventurers by Henry Sidney, brother of Philip, on the occasion of "the first voyage to Russia." Having extolled the leader, Chancellor Sidney reminded them of his danger. "We commit a little money to the chance and hazard of fortune: he commits his life (a thing to a man of all things most dear) to the raging sea. We shall here rest at home quietly: but he, in the meantime labouring to keep the ignorant and unruly mariners in good order and obedience, with how many troubles shall he break himself? We shall keep our own coasts and kingdom. He shall commit his safety to barbarous and cruel people, and shall hazard his life amongst the monstrous and terrible beasts of the sea."

But there were owners of ships present who, not ignobly, felt then and afterwards that, if this man perished, they too would be destroyed. As time passed they began to explore means of securing themselves against the total ruin which defeat in the unequal battle against the "raging sea" must inevitably involve them. Slowly, then, there developed the great conception of a corporate responsibility by means of which the adventurer could, by the payment of a small premium, maintain solvency and purchase peace of mind.

It was to discuss their risks with men who were willing to cover them that shipping men of the

eighteenth century began to make this City coffee-house of Lloyd's their rendezvous. To what extent the famous owner of that house was such a man as he was later to be portrayed is not clear. It is said that soon after he realised the special character of his *clientèle* he began to publish a weekly paper for shippers and shipowners. This journal, however, could not have been the famous "List," which did not appear until several years after Lloyd's death. But it was provided with his name, and, two centuries after its first issue, *Lloyd's List* is known in places where even the *Times* is scarcely recognised. It is the proud claim of Lloyd's that the *List* has been published without a single break from that day to this.

From Abchurch Lane Lloyd's was removed to Pope's Head Alley, but the demands on its accommodation began now to increase with a rapidity corresponding to the swift development of the commercial maritime genius of the nation. Lloyd's was no longer a casual conference in a coffee-house: it was the resort of men who had reduced to a science the sale and purchase of the hazards of shipping. By this time Lloyd's was a significant commercial institution

years after the establishment of Lloyd's a majority of its members bore the names of founder-members. Lloyd's claims still to provide the best example of the principle of heredity in business to be found in the City of London. Tradition is observed also in the formalities. Until recently a man invariably did business wearing his hat. Only waiters were hatless, and if a hatless underwriter were seen he would be hailed as "Waiter!" Only at long last has the "no hat-ter" invaded the sacred "Room"; but now he is in possession there, as everywhere in the City.

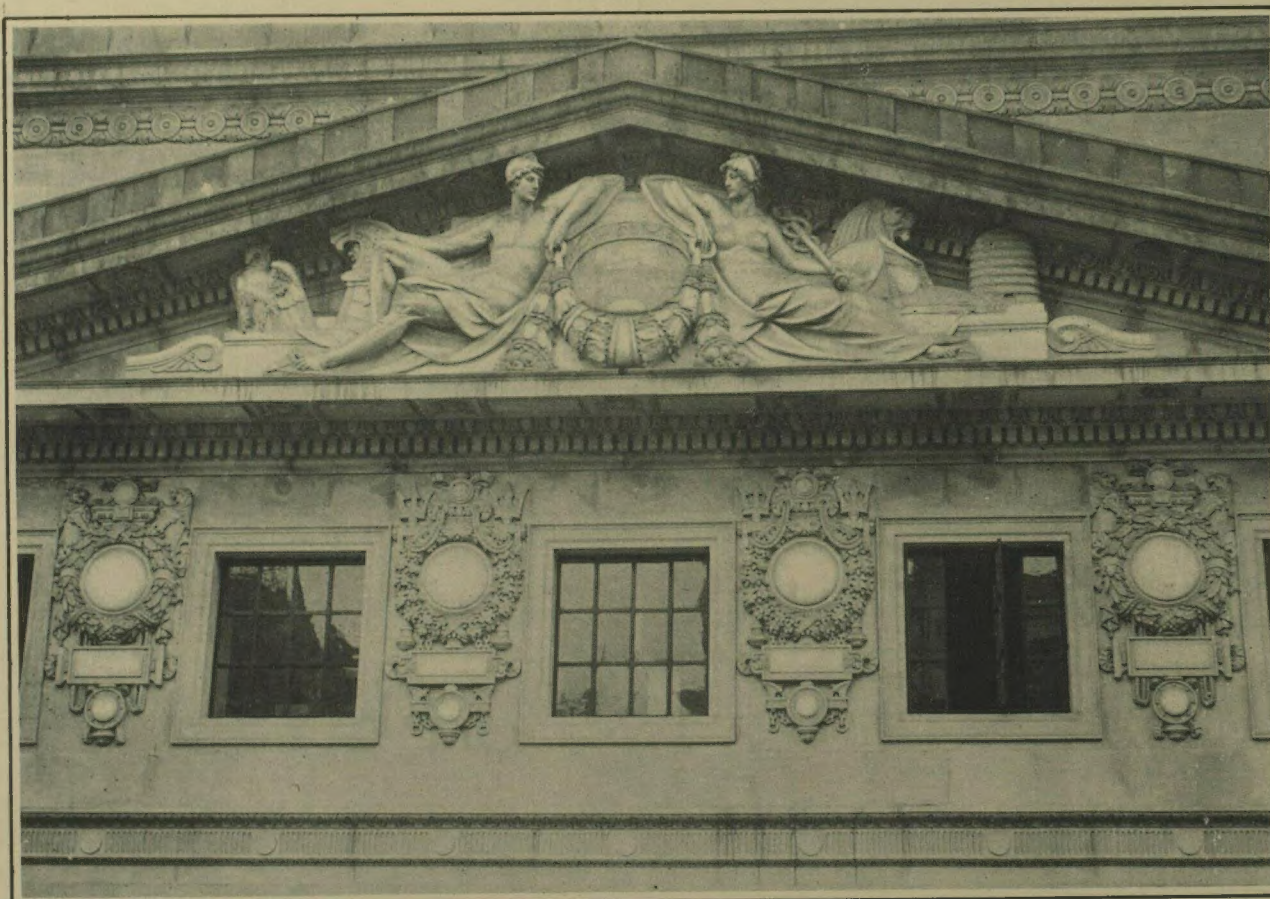
But the most famous of Lloyd's traditions is the use of the *Lutine* Bell, the history of which is less well known than that voice of fortune itself. The *Lutine* was a captured French frigate put into British commission. In 1799 she was despatched to Hamburg with an extremely valuable cargo of gold and specie owned by London merchants and insured with Lloyd's. She ran ashore in the mouth of the *Zuyder Zee*, and became a total wreck. Lloyd's sustained the heaviest loss ever suffered up to that time. The Dutch fishermen, however, began to engage in salvage, and picked

up a good deal of gold, a third of which they were permitted to keep. Then the sands shifted, and salvage had to cease. But in 1857 conditions were again favourable: Lloyd's, who had slept, woke up, and now the great underwriting institution itself took a hand. In the issue, considerable treasure was brought to the surface, and, with it, the ship's rudder and her 80-lb. bell. The rudder was fashioned into a chair and a table which for long have adorned the library at Lloyd's, and the bell became the magic instrument by which the fate of all ships is spoken. For when a vessel long overdue is reported safe, the bell sounds twice; when the ship is lost, the bell pauses in its strokes and then sounds a single note of doom.

Lloyd's agents are everywhere. There are over 1500 of them.

Once they were unpaid, but now there are numbers of whole-time men. From all over the world reports are telegraphed to headquarters; and not only are records kept of every ship, but the history of every Master is duly recorded. Each error and every loss for which he is held responsible are noted, and his fate lies in the hands of Lloyd's. The "Black Book" contains the names of all ships lost. Lloyd's "Register of Shipping" appears annually, and is controlled by a committee.

The King's interest in Lloyd's is well founded. It was the Lloyd's that was flourishing while yet another George was King which founded the Patriotic Fund. The instigators of the appeal asked for "the mite of the labourer to combine with the munificent donation of the noble and the wealthy." But though Lloyd's set a good example by heading the list with a gift of £20,000, we find its historian forced to comment caustically on the fact that, while the mites of the domestic servant and of the waterman were duly forthcoming, the munificent donations were not! Yet from first to last Lloyd's gathered no less a sum than £630,000 to alleviate distress consequent on the wars against Napoleon.



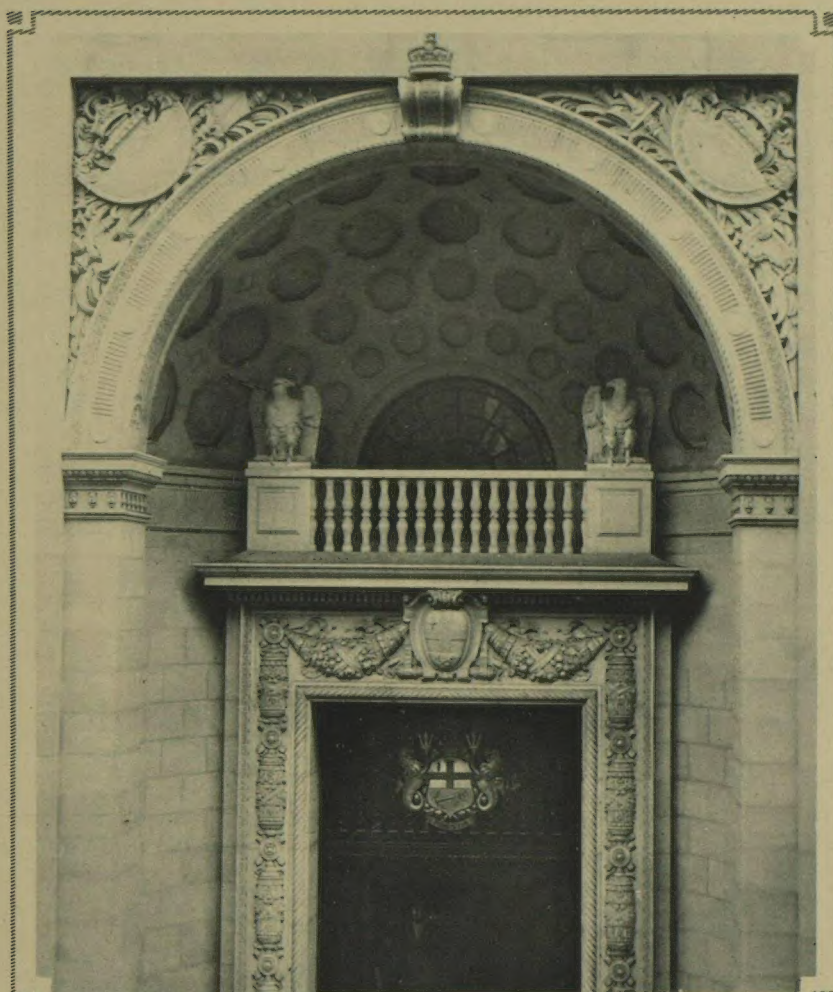
THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING TO BE OPENED BY THE KING: THE TYMPANUM OF THE PEDIMENT ABOVE THE ENTRANCE IN LEADENHALL STREET—SCULPTURE REPRESENTING THE GLOBE SUPPORTED BY FIGURES OF COMMERCE AND SHIPPING. The King and Queen have arranged to visit the City to-day (March 24), that his Majesty may open the new Lloyd's building in Leadenhall Street. The ceremony is timed for noon. Lloyd's have been tenants of the Royal Exchange for over a hundred and fifty years. Their new premises have cost about two million pounds. Sir Edwin Cooper is the architect.

controlled by a committee. Once more it must move. John Julius Angerstein, a Russian, who had entered the City of London as a boy, was now a growing influence at Lloyd's. It was proposed to build a new home. Angerstein opposed. He urged that the City of London contained only one building fit to accommodate the great institution with which he was associated, and he pointed to the Royal Exchange. When his brother members feared, he took chambers there. "Now," said he in effect, "you have got to go there." And go they did: in 1776 Lloyd's once more removed itself, and at the Royal Exchange has had its home ever since until now.

Under its new roof in Lime Street, Lloyd's will necessarily be denied an outlook as impressive as that possessed by Gresham's re-erected building, but the appetite it shares with every great business institution in the City to-day for space, and still more space, will at least be satisfied.

Probably no institution of the kind is more remarkable than Lloyd's for its regard for traditions. There is a tradition even in names. A hundred

THE NEW "LLOYD'S," READY FOR THE KING TO OPEN: FINE INTERIORS.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING IN LEADENHALL STREET: A RICHLY CARVED DOORWAY WITH BRONZE GATES (BEARING THE ARMS OF LLOYD'S) UNDER A GREAT ARCHED RECESS WITH SEMI-DOME.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SHIPPING WORLD: THE GREAT HALL, TRADITIONALLY KNOWN AS "THE ROOM," A MAGNIFICENT CHAMBER, WITH SQUARE CORINTHIAN PILLARS AND PORTRAIT MEDALLIONS.



AN ELLIPTICAL VESTIBULE, WITH A GLASS DOME, AND A GALLERY SUPPORTED BY MONOLITHIC IONIC COLUMNS OF SUBIACO MARBLE: A CHAMBER ON THE WAY FROM THE ENTRANCE TO "THE ROOM."



THE COMMITTEE ROOM: A FINE APARTMENT PANELLED IN WALNUT (INCLUDING A BEAUTIFUL PANEL OVER THE FIREPLACE), COFFED CEILING, AND COLUMNS OF WALNUT WITH LIMEWOOD CAPITALS.

The splendid new building of Lloyd's, the "capital" of the shipping world, which the King has arranged to open to-day (March 24), was designed by Sir Edwin Cooper, F.R.I.B.A., the architect of the Port of London Authority building, and of the Star and Garter Homes at Richmond. The main entrance of the new Lloyd's is in Leadenhall Street, but the principal frontage is on Lime Street, on an island site in the City, which the building shares with the new offices of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, designed by the same architect. The new Lloyd's is remarkable for the masterly skill with which an irregular site has been adapted to produce symmetry within, and especially to make a true square of

the magnificent chamber known as The Room, where brokers and underwriters assemble to conduct their business. The Room, which is 128 ft. square—or 156 ft. including the anteroom and corresponding bays—gives a wonderful impression of lightness and airiness. In the centre is a circular rostrum, with the historic bell of the "Lutine," rung when ships are overdue, once for disaster, and twice for belated arrival. Above the rostrum the ceiling is broken in a square of 54 ft., with a glass dome above the opening, and supported by twelve square Corinthian pillars. The portrait medallions include the present King and Queen, William and Mary, Drake, Raleigh, Clive, Cook, Nelson, Franklin, Scott, Beatty, and Jellicoe.

IS THE WORLD PROGRESSING ?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE optimist says: "The world is progressing. How could anyone deny it? Compare the world as it is to-day with what it was three or four centuries ago. We are at the zenith of a superhuman effort. At no previous time has man been richer, wiser, more powerful, or more humane. The work of generations accumulates, and every century reaches a more imposing total!"

"Civilisations are also mortal, like men," the pessimist replies; "and ours is already terribly affected! There is excess of urban life, madness for sport, cosmopolitan dilettantism, religious syncretism, vulgarisation of culture, Caesarism, political scepticism—in short, all the evils which at the end of the second century caused the Roman Empire to be delivered over to the barbarians outside its borders are to be found again in our epoch. The only difference is that this time the barbarians are inside. But the danger by which we are threatened is the same: a deluge of iron and fire which may destroy everything."

These two different and contradictory states of mind co-exist almost everywhere. The contradiction existed even before the World War; it has become more acute during the last ten years. We are all both pessimists and optimists because we are all more or less dazzled by the triumphs of genius and of human activity, and because we vaguely dread the morrow of those triumphs. We believe in progress, but we are not prepared to progress as much as it would be reasonable to suppose. Is it possible to discover, less by means of exact historical parallels than by an analysis of this singular and novel state of the public mind, whether and to what extent these apprehensions are justified?

A serious difficulty at once presents itself. Progress, in order to satisfy both our heads and our hearts, must be complete. The world ought to become at the same time richer, more powerful, wiser, and better. Of what use would the increase of riches, of science, and power be if they only ended by giving an ever-increasingly corrupt humanity greater means of satisfying its evil passions? All the progress of which we are so proud would only be an illusion if it were not accompanied by moral improvement. The chief question on which the final judgment of our civilisation depends will be that of moral progress. Are we better or worse than our ancestors? Can we inspire confidence in the future generations in what concerns the struggle between good and evil, or must we take as the text of our epoch the terrible lines of Horace—

*Ætas parentum, pejor
avis, tuit
Nos nequiores mox
daturus
prolem vitiosiores?*

But, while it is easy to prove that the riches, power, and wisdom of humanity are increasing, the question becomes much more obscure when it is applied to the domain of morals. If we want to discover whether we are better or worse than preceding generations, we ought to know exactly what they were worth from the moral point of view. We do not know it; and we cannot know it.

An epoch bequeaths to the generations which succeed it institutions, laws, edifices, books, discoveries, technical progress; but its vices and its virtues disappear with it. In order to get an idea of it we have only one means at our disposal: to read the works of those writers who, for one reason or another, busied themselves with the manners and morals of their time. Those epochs whose vices their contemporary writers have bitterly denounced or criticised or treated with scorn, pass as corrupt; and those which literature has spared enjoy a better reputation.

But literary documents are always fragmentary and often fallacious. The epochs which protest most loudly

against their own vices are not always the most corrupt; the very vehemence of their protestations may be a proof of a strong moral sense which reacts in exaggeration. On the other hand, the silence of literature does not prove that evil does not exist: it may be a sign of indifference or even of complaisance which ought to make us suspect a deeper depravation. Neither must we forget that, as a rule, we only know the exceptional vices and virtues of the past; the villainy of those in power, the heroism of armies, the devotion of saints. It is much more difficult to know the state of morals among the middle classes of an epoch, or the vices and virtues most prevalent among the masses. Our historical acquaintances are nearly always limited to the directing *élite*; we know hardly anything

from our eyes the terrible barbarity of the ages in which they lived. We admire in the saints the epochs which produced them, as if they were representative of them, when in reality they were the living protest against the horrors of their age. And, in fact, this is always so. We only exalt or depreciate the past so as to have a model with which to compare the present. But this model is almost always arbitrary and preconceived. The past which serves as a standard by which we can measure and judge the present is a creation of our imagination, made to justify in advance the very judgment of which it ought to be the objective justification. In all epochs, even the most cultivated, human intelligence is the eternal victim of this unconscious deception of the passions. Historians may exhaust the archives and write thousands of erudite volumes: they will not succeed in rectifying a single one of those often infantile errors which passion needs in order to justify itself in face of reason.

Is it, therefore, impossible to know if we are better or worse than our ancestors? It would perhaps be wise, instead of embarking on such a complex question, to try to make a more modest analysis, which might at least help us to penetrate certain depths of contemporary moral life. Whether we are better or worse, it is certain that our vices and our virtues are no longer those of our ancestors; during the last century a great change has been effected in the moral forces which rule the world. In what consists that change, which little by little enlarges the abyss created by the French Revolution between our civilisation and those which preceded it? It consists in a development and a decline which are interdependent. The active virtues are being developed, while the ascetic virtues decline.

Idleness has been one of the most deep-seated vices of humanity. If the history of civilisation is nothing but an incessant struggle against three or four evil inclinations of human nature, idleness must be placed in the first rank. The family, religion, the State, agriculture, industry, art, and the schools have conducted a battle against this vice, which is as old as man. How many evils has it not engendered! Brutalising poverty, corrupting riches, laziness, ignorance, servility, the most abject forms of cupidity, mendacity, prostitution and crime, are the wretched family of this too fertile mother.

High and low, the idle ones have been the open sore of all civilisations previous to the French Revolution. We cannot even imagine how numerous they were or under how many different ingenious pretexts they hid their desire to live without doing anything at all, or doing as little as possible.

Our epoch has at last succeeded in making everyone work, rich and poor alike. The rich are still accused of being idle, but that accusation is on the whole unjust. The majority of rich men—those who direct the great industrial and commercial enterprises of our day—are slaves to work so absorbing that they have no longer time to enjoy their riches. We might rather reproach the moneyed classes for working too much in order to increase the riches of the world, and for devoting too little time to public affairs; that is one of the causes of political uneasiness in Europe and America. Rich women, too, who spend their lives in consuming the riches produced by their fathers or husbands, do not live

lives of inactivity. Works of benevolence, social life, encouragement of the arts and sciences, travelling and sport keep their wills and intelligences continually occupied. If that activity is sometimes sterile, it at all events prevents many feminine minds from rusting in idleness.

Lately we also begin to find that in certain countries young girls of the moneyed classes have been seized with the mania for earning their own living, like the girls of the poorer classes. They endeavour to find small posts as typists, secretaries, and elementary governesses. Here is a short true story which some day might serve as material for a history of our manners. One of those very rich

(Continued on page 502.)



HOW A MOTOR-CAR CROSSED THE "ROOF OF THE WORLD"—IN PIECES! A TIBETAN WOMAN WITH A WHEEL ON HER BACK, AND TWO COOLIES CARRYING OTHER PARTS ON A MOUNTAIN PATH.



DISMEMBERED MOTOR-CARS CARRIED INTO TIBET BY A GROUP OF NATIVE COOLIES—MEN AND WOMEN: A REST DURING TRANSPORT OF THE TIBET MAIL SERVICE IN THE NATHU-LA PASS.

These unique photographs are accompanied by the following extract from a letter describing them: "Last October, when making a delightful tour through Sikkim to the edge of Tibet, and along 'the roof of the world,' we met, to our great joy, a group of grunting coolies, laden with the heavy burden of part of a Dodge car, which they were carrying into Tibet over the wonderful Pass of 'Nathu-la' (14,750 ft.)—the 'Pass of the Listening Ear'—(ah! these Tibetans are beginning to listen with some effect!). As we continued our day's march, we met other parts of three Dodge cars—the chassis of a closed car; the body of a mail van, 'labelled 'Tibet Mail Service'; one wheel slung on a woman's head (see top photograph); and various other parts. The owners of the cars had already proceeded on to Gyantse, having found it quite impossible to drive the cars up the boulder-paved mountain paths, each no wider than may serve for a pack mule (see the third illustration), and far steeper than any car could pass along. The dissembled Dodges were, therefore, being carried by coolies, slow and grunting, but gay, with a musical rhythm all their own, along those tracks which for some hundred years have been the main trade route from Tibet. From Gyantse it was proposed to drive the cars over the level plains to Phari, thus hastening the mails by about six days into Lhasa."



A CHASSIS OF THE TIBET MAIL SERVICE DEPENDENT ON MAN POWER: BEGINNING THE TOILSOME ASCENT OVER THE NATHU-LA PASS (14,750 FT.) ON THE EVEREST EXPEDITION ROUTE.

of what the masses wished, thought, or did; how are we to draw up a probable picture of their moral life? But the morality or immorality of an epoch is not made up only of exceptional virtues and vices; it is also constituted, and I should even be tempted to say to a greater extent, by the vices and virtues common to all. It sometimes happens that in this way the great vices or the great virtues of the *élite* are hidden from the eyes of posterity by the little vices and virtues of the masses.

It is thus that many minds, dazzled by the grandeur of certain saints, enrich the Middle Ages with virtues which it never possessed. Those outstanding figures hide

FLYING FOR
RECORDS:
THE TRAGEDY
OF THE
SEAPLANE
PILOTED BY
LT. KINKEAD;
AND THE
HINCHLIFFE-
MACKAY
FLIGHT
MYSTERY.



THE FUNERAL OF FLIGHT-LIEUT. KINKEAD, WHO CRASHED NEAR THE CALSHOT LIGHTSHIP AND WAS KILLED WHILE TRYING TO BREAK THE AIR-SPEED RECORD: THE COFFIN ON THE R.A.F. LORRY, AT FAWLEY.

LIFTING THE ENGINE OF LIEUT. KINKEAD'S SEAPLANE FROM THE WATER: SALVAGE WORK AFTER THE TRAGEDY.



THE HINCHLIFFE-MACKAY ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA: THE "ENDEAVOUR"—A STINSON-DETROITER MONOPLANE WITH A WRIGHT-WHIRLWIND ENGINE.

THE MILITARY FUNERAL OF LIEUT. KINKEAD: THE SCENE AT THE GRAVESIDE IN FAWLEY CHURCHYARD ON MARCH 16, WHEN THE AIR MINISTRY, THE NAVY, THE ARMY, AND THE ROYAL AIR FORCE WERE REPRESENTED.



THE PILOT OF THE "ENDEAVOUR": CAPTAIN W. R. HINCHLIFFE, D.F.C.; AND MRS. HINCHLIFFE.

There was the greatest secrecy as to the identity of Captain Hinchliffe's passenger and for many hours it was not known with certainty that he was accompanied by Miss Mackay, herself a skilled pilot. Captain Hinchliffe has been called "the finest cross-country pilot in England." Miss Mackay began to fly five years ago.



THE PASSENGER OF THE "ENDEAVOUR": THE HON. ELSIE MACKAY (A SKILLED PILOT), THIRD DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY INCHCAPE.

After Flight-Lieut. S. M. Kinkead, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., had crashed into the sea on March 12 while attempting to break the air-speed record in the Supermarine-Napier seaplane "S5," immediate steps were taken to locate the machine and its dead pilot. The monoplane was recovered from the Solent on the 13th, with the pilot's body still in the cockpit. The engine was found detached and was hauled aboard the R.A.F. trawler "Adastral." At the inquest, a witness estimated that the machine had attained a speed of between 250 and 300 miles an hour before the disaster; and another witness gave it as his opinion

that the height of the seaplane from the water some moments before the crash was about 250 ft.; that that height was then lessened, apparently intentionally; and that the fatal nose-dive was from about 50 ft.—At 8.30 a.m. on March 13, Captain W. R. Hinchliffe and the Hon. Elsie Mackay left Cranwell in the "Endeavour," a Stinson-Detrouer monoplane, to fly to America. Up to the time of writing, there is no news of them, and it is feared that they have fallen into the sea, although they may have been picked up by a vessel unequipped with wireless or have landed at some deserted spot.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AT a time when the Afghan King is in England, and has been in friendly intercourse with our national leaders, it is not inappropriate to recall how one of his predecessors, thirty-five years ago, entertained an English statesman at Kabul, and himself accepted an invitation to this country, though he was never able to make the journey. Had that statesman been alive to-day, a conversation between him and the royal visitor would have been, for both of them, a moving experience. As it is, I feel sure that King Amanullah will find a source of deep interest in "THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON." Being the Authorised Biography of George Nathaniel Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, K.G. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. Vol. I. Illustrated (Benn; 21s.).

The younger generation of readers, who knew Lord Curzon chiefly as Foreign Secretary, and even some who remember his Viceregal splendours in India, may be surprised, in this first volume of the "Life," by the brilliance and variety of his earlier career. Above all, it brings home the fact that, as a young man, he devoted more than a decade (1883-1895) to Eastern travel as a training for imperial politics, and probably knew more about Asia from personal observation than any British statesman before or since. The visit to Afghanistan was the climax of his journeyings. It resulted from a direct appeal to Abdur Rahman, couched in terms of ornate compliment, and stating that he wished to "be able to stand up in the British House of Commons, when the affairs of India and Afghanistan were being discussed, to silence the mouths of slanderers and to say to the British Government and the British people: 'I have myself been to Kabul as the guest of His Highness the Amir. I have conversed with this great Sovereign. I can speak for his sentiments. I desire to protect his interests.'"

The bold request was granted. "No private traveller," we read, "had ever hitherto succeeded in extracting from Abdur Rahman an invitation to cross the border. And George Curzon was not a little elated at his success. 'Here I am, all right,' he wrote from Kabul, on November 20 (1894). I arrived yesterday, and had a great reception. Came in with an escort of about two hundred cavalry, streets lined with troops and crowds about. Am lodged in the Palace and have a suite of four large rooms, lit with innumerable candles in lustres and chandeliers. All the furniture is very sumptuous. The sheets of my bed are cerise-coloured silk, the pillow is of flowered silk, and the quilts of silk and brocade with gold and silver lace trimming.' He spent a fortnight in the capital as the Amir's guest (and) . . . made a very deep impression both on Abdur Rahman himself and upon his eldest son, Habibullah Khan. . . . He formed a most favourable opinion both of the character and ability of Habibullah. . . . The Amir . . . enjoyed his witty sallies and his amusing stories. In his autobiography he told how George Curzon had succeeded in making him commit himself on the question of the succession."

It was during this journey that Lord Curzon traced to its source the great river associated with the death of Sohrab, at the unwitting hands of his father, Rustum, beside its lower reaches—

"Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere."

For that discovery, and other exploration work in the Pamirs, as well as in Persia, French Indo-China, and Korea, Lord Curzon was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. His own record of his wanderings, which included two voyages round the world, is contained in his well-known books, "Russia in Central Asia in 1889," "Persia," and "Problems of the Far East." Thus he prepared himself to govern India. The present volume covers his childhood and school days, life at Oxford, political and social activities (including membership of the Crabbet Club and the Souls), the aforementioned travels, his long engagement, and marriage, to Miss Mary Leiter, and his career in the House of Commons, including his term of office as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Salisbury's Government.

Lord Curzon has, I think, been singularly happy in his biographer, who writes from intimate personal knowledge and similarity of experience, and has dealt faithfully with a difficult and complex character. He removes the mask from the "superior person" and reveals the human being beneath—sensitive, emotional, full of fun and frivolity in congenial company, intensely loyal and patriotic, often self-critical, and, through most of his life, stoically enduring recurrent physical pain. Who would recognise

the Curzon of the famous epigram in this confession? "I am never in the society of able men without recognising their intellectual superiority. I have no opinion at all of what are sometimes alleged to be my powers of speech. . . . To say that I have a high estimate of myself makes me, who know the reality, smile." As Lord Ronaldshay remarks, "In these days such admissions would be attributed to an 'inferiority complex.'"

As a writer and speaker, Lord Curzon's besetting sin was prolixity, which was associated with a meticulous attention to *minutiae*, both in life and letters. Until he became Viceroy, he never employed an amanuensis. The advantages of dictation were not enhanced in his eyes when he once tried it on an urgent occasion at the Foreign Office, and the resultant draft of an important despatch began: "His Majesty's Government entertain the sanguinary hope—" Talking of errors, I believe it is customary in the best reviewing circles to conclude by pointing out a few, just to show one has read the book. The only two I have spotted are a misspelling of Stevenson's name (page 168) and a slight injustice to poor old Tacitus

Feather-Mantle, of Hawaii. The general tendency of the book is to show how much better women can rule than men.

Asiatic monarchs and their women-folk play a large part in another work of feminine authorship, that presents historical romance in an unusual setting, the Far East of the thirteenth century. It is entitled "JÊN." By Mrs. Alfred Wingate (Crosby Lockwood; 10s. 6d.). The story describes, with vivid power, the adventures of Marco Polo, with his father and brother, in their journey to the Court of Kubilai Khan, and the love of Marco for the Lady Kokachin. Here we learn the significance of the title. "In a great revulsion of feeling, he knew that only pure love is Life, that only love crucified is triumphant, that only Jên, the word expressing the right relationship of man to his fellows, is the Pilot of the Universe." Of Kokachin herself we read: "She was a great lady, as the Polos were great gentlemen. She could not think of herself." And so, when it came to escorting her to a king whom State policy required her to wed, she declared: "Take me to Ghazan, and, by Heaven's help, he and I together will rule justly in Persia, to the further glory of the Mongol Empire."

The word "gentleman," like the word "poetry," has never been satisfactorily defined. I am in some doubt as to the meaning (possibly ironic) which it is intended to bear in the title of "SUNDRY GREAT GENTLEMEN": Some Essays in Historical Biography. By Marjorie Bowen. With Portraits (Lane; 15s.). The author herself offers no definition, unless it be suggested by the prefatory verse from Ecclesiasticus—"Let us now praise famous men . . . such as did rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power . . . and the glory of their times." All these attributes might conceivably belong to a man who was not exactly a pattern of chivalry, or "a very parfait gentil knight"—in a word, to a man who, however high and mighty, was "no gentleman" in our vague acceptance of the term. I have not space to discuss its applicability to all the six personages whom Miss Bowen portrays in these masterly studies, with her customary glitter of style and wealth of knowledge, but the names of some among them may suggest comment to readers well grounded in history.

Her sextet of "great gentlemen" comprises Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the West (1194-1250); Louis XII. of France (1462-1515); Don Sebastiao, King of Portugal (1554-78); Gustavus Adolphus II. of Sweden (1594-1632); Carlos II. of Spain (1661-1700); and Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France (1696-1750). To take one example—Louis XII. (whom Miss Bowen prefers to call Louis II. d'Orleans) does not seem to have been very gentlemanly towards his first wife, whom he divorced to marry Anne of Brittany. The author herself says: "Louis had never behaved with the least delicacy or chivalry towards the saintly Jeanne, and this final act was a blot on his knighthood, even on his manhood. The most miserable means were employed to obtain the divorce." The scandal was "increased by the fact that the Borgia Pope gave the dispensation, and his gorgeous son, Cesare, brought it to France." Louis XII. was apparently almost as much of a gentleman as our Henry VIII.

Under the heading of historical biography come also several books which may be safely recommended to all and sundry—"FRANCIS JOSEPH": Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary. By Eugene Bagger; With 56 Illustrations (Putnam; 5 dollars); "THE LOYAL WENTWORTHS": A Companion Volume to "King Monmouth." By Allan Fea. With twenty-four Illustrations (Lane; 16s.); "THE MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF THE COMTE DE SÉGUR." Translated by Gerard Shelley; With numerous Illustrations (John Hamilton; 15s.); and "CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN RICHARD STRAUSS AND HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL, 1907-18." Translated by Paul England (Secker; 18s.).

This last-named book, which might well have had a more alluring title and some illustrations, presents in severely Teutonic guise a series of letters particularly interesting to opera-lovers now that a new Covent Garden season is approaching. The composer of "Der Rozenkavalier" and his librettist, "a heaven-sent poet," are shown gradually building up the fabric of their joint productions. As an alliance between music and poetry their collaboration has been compared to that of Gilbert and Sullivan—not, of course, in regard to style. It seems to have been personally more harmonious and free from Gilbertian tantrums.
C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When submitting illustrations, each subject should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

on page 98, where a passage from the Annals on the death of Germanicus (compared by Lord Curzon to General Gordon) is quoted as from "Ann. II 82," without mention of the author's name. I thought for the moment that some new terror for schoolboys must have been dug up at Herculaneum.

To students of historical biography I can commend several other books that should certainly figure on their library lists, if not on their bookseller's bills. The presence in our midst of King Amanullah's charming Consort lends a certain topicality to "GREAT QUEENS": Famous Women Rulers of the East. By the late Lady Glover. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 16s.), although Queen Surayya, of course, is not herself a ruling sovereign and does not figure in the author's list. It contains over a score of names drawn from many lands and many periods, ranging, for example, from the Queen of Sheba to the present Empress Zauditu of Abyssinia; and from the ancient Egyptian Queen, Hatshopsouto—a variant of Hatshepsut (personally, I prefer the form Hat-shop-shut)—to Kaahumanu, or

THE STORIED PAST OF INDIA: I.—CHANDRAGUPTA'S PALISADED CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL.

A WOODEN CITY OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: PATALIPUTRA.

By Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India.

We begin here a new series of photographs of extraordinary interest, with descriptive notes by Sir John Marshall, relating to recent discoveries on various sites of the historic period in India and Burma. In his previous articles (the last of which appeared in our issue of January 7) Sir John dealt with the remarkable prehistoric remains at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa, dating from the third and fourth millennium B.C. Here he is concerned with a much later epoch.

From the prehistoric cities of Sind and the Punjab to the historic remains of Pataliputra in Bihar is a leap of twenty centuries and more. This city of Pataliputra, near the modern Patna, was the capital of the great Maurya kingdom founded by Chandragupta at the close of the fourth century B.C. Megasthenes, the Greek Ambassador from Seleucus to Chandragupta's Court, describes the city as taking the form of a long narrow parallelogram about nine miles in length and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in breadth; and he tells us, further, that it was defended by a massive timber palisade pierced by 64 gates, crowned by 570 towers, and protected externally by a broad and deep moat filled from the waters of the Son. Being built mainly of wood, most of the royal city and its defences must long since have perished; but by great good luck a section of the palisade referred to by Megasthenes was brought to light during the Archaeological Department's excavations a few years ago, and this section has now been opened up by Mr. Monoranjan Ghose for a further length of 250 ft. (making 700 ft. in all), and several interesting facts have been ascertained in regard to its construction. It now transpires that the palisade was 14 ft. 6 in. in width and hollow inside, its inner and outer walls being constructed of heavy upright timbers sunk some 5 ft. deeper than the floor beams, and spaced at intervals about equal to their width. The passage was roofed with heavy beams laid across its top; and the floor as well as the outer face of the palisade was covered with planking. At one point in the newly exposed section are the remains of what appears to have been a *torana* or gateway, and at another point is a large wooden drain crossing the palisade at right-angles. The planks forming the sides and bottom of this drain, which is some 40 ft. in length, 6 ft. 3 in. in height, and 3 ft. 6 in. in width, are kept in position by stout wooden battens to which they are fixed by heavy iron nails, the joints between the planks being closed by strips of iron 3 in. in width. The minor antiquities recovered in these excavations were relatively few, but among them were some very striking figurines of terra-cotta unlike anything of their kind hitherto discovered in India.



A DANCING GIRL WITH A REEL-LIKE OBJECT FOR EXPANDING HER EAR-LOBE: A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE FROM PATALIPUTRA (THIRD CENTURY B.C.)



A 2200-YEAR-OLD TIMBER STRUCTURE ASTONISHINGLY WELL PRESERVED: PART OF A GREAT WOODEN DRAIN, OVER 6 FT. HIGH, 3½ FT. WIDE, AND 40 FT. LONG, AT PATALIPUTRA.

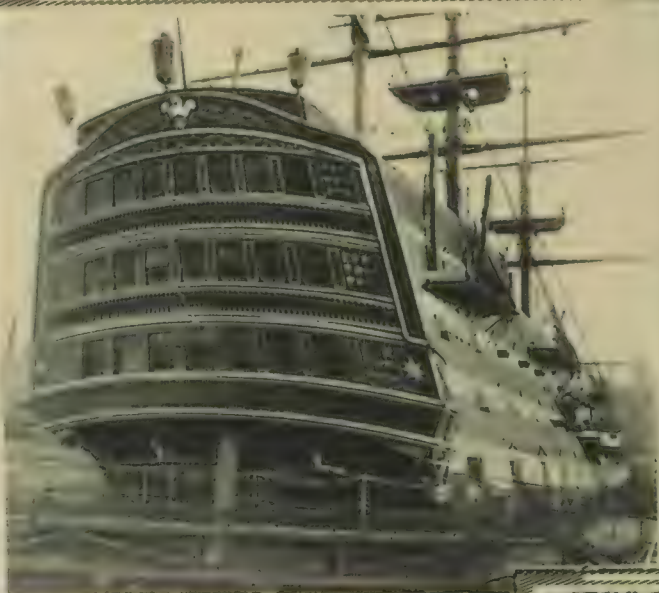


"WOODEN WALLS" OF PATALIPUTRA IN THE DAYS OF CHANDRAGUPTA MAURYA AND ASOKA (THIRD CENTURY B.C.): REMAINS OF PART OF A 21-MILE-LONG DEFENSIVE PALISADE, PIERCED BY 64 GATES AND CROWNED BY 570 TOWERS, WITH A MOAT OUTSIDE.



AN ART UNLIKE ANYTHING OF THE KIND HITHERTO DISCOVERED IN INDIA: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE FROM PATALIPUTRA, IN BIHAR.

THE
"VICTORY"
AS AT
TRAFALGAR:
NELSON'S
FLAG-SHIP
RESTORED;
AND BEFORE
RESTORATION.



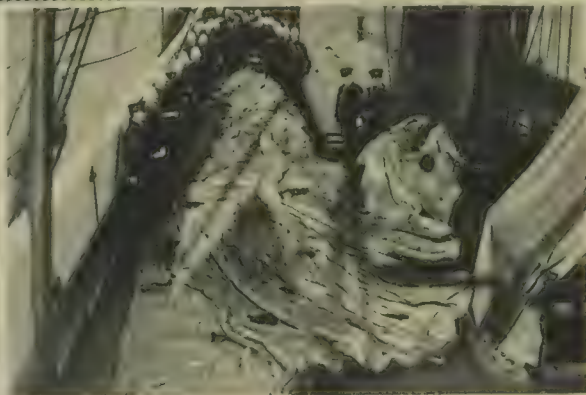
THE STERN OF H.M.S. "VICTORY" BEFORE THE RECENT RESTORATION TO TRAFALGAR CONDITIONS: A DECORATIVE SCHEME REPRESENTING THE NAVY OF ABOUT 1840.



THE STERN OF THE "VICTORY" RESTORED TO ITS APPEARANCE IN NELSON'S DAY: STRUCTURE AND DECORATION AGAIN AS IT WAS AT THE TIME OF TRAFALGAR IN 1805.



THE BOWS OF THE "VICTORY" RESTORED AS AT TRAFALGAR: THE SHIP IN DRY DOCK, WITH "DUMMY" GUNS ALONGSIDE.



SAILS RIDDLED WITH SHOT AT TRAFALGAR: A DECK SCENE IN THE "VICTORY" DURING THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF 1905, WITH RIGGING AS IT WAS BEFORE RESTORATION.



SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE NELSON FELL (TABLET), GUNS USED AT TRAFALGAR, NEW OLD-STYLE RIGGING (LEFT), THE HELM (CENTRE), AND (ABOVE) THE POOP DECK WITH ORIGINAL LEATHER TAR-BUCKETS AND RACKS FOR SIGNAL FLAGS: THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "VICTORY" AS NOW RESTORED.



RESTORED AS IT APPEARED (STRUCTURALLY) TO THE FRENCH MARKSMAN WHO SHOT NELSON: THE QUARTER-DECK FROM ALOFT.



THE MIDDLE GUN DECK OF THE "VICTORY" AS IT APPEARED UP TO THE TIME OF THE RECONSTRUCTION, AND FOR SOME FIFTY YEARS PREVIOUSLY: A VIEW SHOWING TWO GUNS AND A SOUVENIR PHOTOGRAPH STALL.



THE MIDDLE GUN DECK OF THE "VICTORY" RESTORED TO ITS TRAFALGAR CONDITION: GUNS USED IN THE BATTLE, WITH SHOT-RACKS ON DECK BEHIND, DIFFERENT PILLARS AND STAIRS, AND OFFICERS' CABINS (BEYOND).

The "Victory" has been a centre of interest lately, both in connection with King Amanullah's visit, arranged (as noted in our last issue) for March 19, and with the forthcoming exhibition of Nelson relics at Messrs. Spink's galleries, mentioned on page 479 in this number. During the last few years, Nelson's famous flag-ship has been subjected to a process of retrospective transformation. In Victorian times and subsequently, she lay at anchor for many years in Portsmouth Harbour, wearing the aspect of a black-and-white painted line-of-battle ship of the 'forties of last century. In 1921, it was found that her timbers were leaky, and she was in danger of sinking at her moorings, so she was towed into dock

to be overhauled. It was then decided to restore her to Trafalgar conditions as regards colour, decoration, structure, and equipment. The work of reconstruction is now almost complete, except in certain matters of rigging, and is expected to be finished about next October. The "Victory" has been permanently fixed in a concrete dry dock. Twelve guns actually used at Trafalgar have been replaced in the ship, but later guns have been removed, to relieve the strain on the hull, and are represented by "dummy" replicas of wood ranged along the dock side. The "Victory" is eventually to receive one of 23 silver dinner-plates formerly belonging to Nelson, which the Admiralty has just allocated to various naval establishments.

THE CHIEF NELSON RELIC: THE DEATH-MASK TAKEN IN THE "VICTORY."

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SON, LTD.



NELSON'S DEATH-MASK TAKEN ON BOARD THE "VICTORY" AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR: THE RIGHT SIDE.

THE death-mask here illustrated will be included in an exceptionally interesting exhibition of Nelson relics to be held, in May, at the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., 5-7, King Street, St. James's, in aid of the "Victory" Fund. The exhibition will contain also a large number of articles, never shown before, which belonged to the famous Admiral and have been lent for the purpose by his great-grandchildren. A foreword to the Catalogue is to be contributed by Professor Geoffrey Callender F.S.A., of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, Secretary to the Society for Nautical Research, who has had much to do with the recent restoration of the "Victory" to Trafalgar conditions. Illustrations of her before and after the reconstruction appear on page 478 of this number. A note supplied with the above photographs states: "This mask was taken on board the 'Victory' from Admiral Nelson after death for his sister, Mrs. Matcham. On her decease it became the property of her son-in-law, Captain Blankley, whose first wife was Miss Matcham, a niece of the Admiral. Captain Blankley married, secondly, a Miss Naylor, and left the death-mask to her. On her decease it passed to her sister, Miss Naylor, who gave it to Charles Tasker, who gave it to his son, J. C. Tasker, in whose possession it was when exhibited at the Naval Exhibition of 1893. It subsequently reverted to the Nelson family, and is now the property of Hugh Nelson-Ward, Esq." It is interesting to compare the above photographs with those given in our issue of January 21, illustrating the death-mask of Nelson presented to H.M.S. "Victory" by the Queen.



THE FACE OF NELSON AS IT LOOKED JUST AFTER HE DIED ABOARD THE "VICTORY": THE LEFT SIDE OF THE DEATH-MASK.



NELSON AFTER HE DIED, SAYING "THANK GOD, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY": A FULL-FACE VIEW OF THE DEATH-MASK, TO BE INCLUDED IN A LONDON EXHIBITION OF RELICS FOR THE "VICTORY" FUND.



THE INSIDE OF THE DEATH-MASK OF NELSON SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: THE CONCAVE INTERIOR, WHICH PRESENTS AN ILLUSORY CONVEX EFFECT.

"The Great Museum of the Out-of-Doors."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"WILD ANIMAL PETS": BY W. L. FINLEY AND IRENE FINLEY.*

(PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

DON Q., the quail, "burnt all his wild bridges behind him and gave himself wholly to his human friends." He had been adopted as a day-old chick, who, true to his inheritance, had dropped on the ground and lain as still as the twigs and moss, a palpitating "leaf." A brother was with him when he was caught, and was boxed with him. "The little quail would have none of it. Things were too big and strange and awful. They huddled under the wool cap. It grew late and they were hungry, but their food remained untouched. The boy and girl watched them anxiously. They looked cold and miserable.

"I've got it!" exclaimed the girl, as she jumped up and left the room. Soon she brought in an electric reading-lamp and placed it where the light and warmth shone down on

was good—yet one day he went to the woods, leaving nothing but memories of his kind. A queer kind, by the way. The naturalist has a number of notes about them. "The quill of a porcupine is really a specialised hair growth that is developed as a means of protection and safety. Underneath his skin are broad muscles that elevate or lower his quills by reflex action from his nerve-centres. His tail is heavy, and also armed with short, stiff quills. His eyes are small, and, lest some enemy take him unaware, his quills rise and his tail slaps automatically when danger is near. . . . A wild porcupine is never dangerous unless a person gets near enough for a slap from his spiny tail. The quills are fastened to the body just as hair is. A porcupine cannot throw his quills as some people think. The points of the quills are sharp, and have very tiny recurved barbs. If they penetrate the skin or clothing even lightly, these barbs catch, and the quills pull easily out of the porcupine's hide." And, as another unusual point: "Rangers, packers, and others have little love for porcupines, because of the queer taste they develop for leather of any kind, such as pack-straps or saddles, or wood that a man has handled which is likely to have any taste of salt upon it. A porcupine will chew the vitals out of a good saddle during the night if it is within his reach."

Shep, the coyote, the prairie wolf, the chicken-raider, was another backslider. She belonged to Brooks, the rancher, and would obey as well as any dog, until the stirring of the con-old instincts. She was last seen running and doubling from Russian wolfhounds used for chasing her sheep-worrying brothers and sisters. "It was a close race and a narrow one, but the margin of chance is always narrow between life and death in the desert of sand and sage where the coyote lives. . . . Across the still stretch of the desert, from far-away hills, sounded clear as a bugle the desert 'taps' of a coyote."

As to the others, some of their stories are not at an end. Some of them, no doubt, will feel the ancestral urge and fall before it; some will dwell in domesticity; some will be "specimens" in Gardens: all depends upon the individual nature.

There is a time when bobcats will cease to play the kitten, and revert to enmity and distrust and the law of tooth and claw; when the ring-tailed cat, the cacomixtle, with traits of cat, raccoon, fox, and squirrel, will go back to its mouse-hunting in the dust and the crannies of cliffs and in ruined buildings; when the charming cub will be a "purposeless," but formidable, bear; when the dog-dreading cougar may, indeed, seem "the mountain lion"; when the armadillo will cease his dilettante "dilloing in his armour," go a-wandering, and end, like many of his errant fellows, as "a bony-looking basket of mosaic-pattern." None can foretell the fateful hour.

Meanwhile is knowledge that many creatures of "The Great Museum of the Out-of-doors" will respond to the advances of man and accept his hospitality—if only until sex years for its complement.

Mr. Finley has had enviable experience. Baby bears, scions of incorrigible "Bohemians," only twelve ounces at birth, have been his; acrobatic chipmunks, experts at drawing to themselves nuts attached to strings; squirrels; a skunk, for a brief and odorous stay; a badger since raised to the dignity of ankle-nipping mascot to the footballing "Badgers" of Pacific University; "snookum bears"; deer; and an opossum whose babies—at birth, three grains in weight and like little white beans—clung on to the back of Peter, the terrier, as though he were to the habit born! And when he has not owned he has not forgotten to observe; and he has always noted. A word as to the "snookums" and the deer.

"Snookum" is a trade name. Coati mundi is that given by naturalists in Mexico. "A coati is an American plantigrade carnivorous quadruped. This is as confusing as the looks of the animal itself. His scientific name is *Nasua narica*, which is appropriate because it has something to do with his long, rubbery nose. But you can't catch a Mexican calling him any of these names. He is simply a *tejon*, or a raccoon."

Deer: "Certain seasons, when the antlers are shed or are in what we call 'the velvet,' they are not in a fighting mood, but in the fall, when the antlers are hard and fully developed, during the rutting or running season, the animal is treacherous. He may have the appearance of being gentle, but beware!—at the unexpected moment he may charge. I remember a certain buck deer in one of our city parks. He was tame and seemed reliable; but the keeper was a man accustomed to handle animals, and he was aware of the danger. When he went in with hay he always kept a pitchfork in his hand ready for an emergency. Nothing happened until one day he was off his guard just for a moment. His back was turned. In a flash, and with a flying leap, the buck struck him. The momentum of the one-hundred-and-fifty-pound animal, hurled with such force, killed the man. Because of his lifelong familiarity and close relationship with his keeper, the deer stood in no awe or fear of him. With the surge of that seasonal madness of mating and conquest strong on him, when the chance arrived, he killed his best friend."

So to black bears—both the black and the brown—and the grizzly, or silver-tip—all given to "bluff" charging, but generally willing enough to run away; to

the cougar, or mountain lion, "the biggest cat in America, save the jaguar"; the deer mouse, who may dwell amidst the white peaks; the moose in its magnificence; the antelope; sea lions; the varying hare; gulls; and the rest. With a special reference to the hare, and another to the gulls. To the hare for a winter peculiarity. "He is called Varying Hare because of the variable or changeable colour of his coat. The other given name [Snowshoe Rabbit] comes because on his hind feet grow long hairs in winter, which keep him from sinking into the soft snow, and the tracks of his big pads leave trails like small snow-shoes." To the gulls because their name has been taken in vain.

There is nothing gullible about the gull, Mr. Finley argues. On the contrary, it shows too much intelligence to be duped by all and sundry; and, it is suggested chaffingly, it would be a better American emblem than the eagle! The gull does not swallow anything offered to it: it selects; and, if it makes a mistake, it orders the doubtful tit-bit up for reconsideration. "He has a beak that is not strong enough to handle some kinds of shell-fish. He sometimes eats a small crab by tearing it to pieces and swallowing it, shell and all. The juices of his stomach dissolve the meaty portions and later he regurgitates the shell." Deliberately, also, he will open a clam by dropping it from mid-air, and he will seek for food inland if needs be, reaping the harvest of angleworms turned up by the plough. Listen to the tale of the pelican! "The pelican is as expert as the kingfisher at diving. From a height of thirty feet, he drops like a plummet into a school of small fish, and he backs up to the surface with his pouch full of fish and water. At this stage, he is in a helpless condition because of the weight of water in his elastic pouch. As he stretches his neck and draws his bill up for the water to run out, the nimble gulls poke their noses into his fish-bag and get a meal before the slow pelican can retaliate. . . . The gull . . . soon learned by experience, as he flew over the sea and looked down at the school of fish, that, no matter how quickly he dropped to the surface, the members of the finny tribe were always about one-hundredth of a second quicker, and had turned tail to deep water. A gull hasn't the weight to reach more than a few inches below the surface. Lacking the physical equipment and unable to go on the principle that might makes right, he used his wits."

There I leave "Wild Animal Pets"—with a strong expression of opinion that all nature-lovers should read



A TAME CACOMIXTLE—THE RUSH-CAT; OR, BUSH-CAT: ASLEEP AND PURRING LIKE A DOMESTIC TABBY.

Reproduced from "Wild Animal Pets," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

the lonely quail. A small brown form crept close to the warm bulb and fluffed out his feathers. The other followed, and they began to peep softly."

Confidence came with comfort, and in due time the youngsters took to the garden. One of them was destined not to return to the house; the other was brought home. He missed his companion for a space; then contentedly joined the family of Man; an eager, curious, energetic member who feared neither motor-car nor train, but for ever attacked shoes: black and brown, they were all wind-mills for his Quixotic tilting.

His was the unconditional surrender. Another was made by a condor! "General was the son of a scavenger, to all outward appearances a ghoul, gormandising carrion-eater with a withering breath, an outcast in bird society. Taken in babyhood away from the sombre scenes of the ghostly banquets that bred him, he utterly repudiated the degenerate faith of his fathers and took to himself clean habits, clean food, and clean friends. Nor could either hunger or harrying drive him back to the old life." He loved to be petted, and he "followed." When his wings were strong enough to bear him in flight, a fresh environment had to be found for him. He was banished to the New York Zoological Park: "unique from every standpoint, being the largest bird of prey in North America, the rarest, and the one with the most limited range." "A little later, when we visited him in his new home," recalls Mr. Finley, "I walked over to him, and the far-off look in his eyes changed. I stood within three feet. He edged along his perch and cocked his head at me with an inquiring expression. I spoke to him softly. He moved over, reached out his bill, and nibbled a button on my coat-sleeve. I rubbed the side of his head. He came still closer, pushing his head under my arm and pulling at the buttons of my vest. Of course he knew me."

Those were the star pupils—the quail and the condor. Many of the others answered the call of the wild. Dinty, the porcupine, was one of them. Thanks to a Cæsarean operation, he was born after his mother's death in a trap. He sucked at the nipple of a baby's bottle; then thrived on spinach leaf and lettuce, cabbages and carrots and clover. And he grew in stature, and added to his diet most of the things his friends ate, particularly fruit. All of which



DINTY, THE LIVING PIN-CUSHION: A PET PORCUPINE; GIVING A GOOD IDEA OF THE QUILLS HE CANNOT THROW.

Reproduced from "Wild Animal Pets," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

it and rejoice in its photographic illustrations; with a seconding of the jacket's statement: "So much of Mr. Finley's life has been spent in the wild that he might almost be regarded as a part of it. Its furred and feathered inhabitants at least seem to have welcomed him as one of them, one whom they instinctively trust. . . . In the author's long service as State biologist and game-warden of the State of Oregon, Mr. Finley has lived daily with the life of the wild, and his opportunities for observation have been unexcelled."

E. H. G.

*"Wild Animal Pets." By William Lovell Finley and Irene Finley. Authors of "Little Bird Blue," and "American Birds." (William L. Finley.) Illustrated. (Charles Scribner's Sons; London and New York; ros. 6d. net.)

"THE GREAT MUSEUM OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS": WILD ANIMAL PETS.



THE QUAIL WHO BURNT HIS WILD BRIDGES: FORAGING FOR COMMAS.

"Don Q," the California Quail, was adopted as a one-day chick and, as the author has it, "burnt all his wild bridges behind him and gave himself wholly to his human friends." He soon became fearless, and even travelled by train and motor-car without ruffling more than an occasional feather. His great delight was to tilt Quixotically at boots and shoes; and he liked scratching manuscripts!



THE CONDOR WHO WAS THE FINLEYS' MOST REMARKABLE PET: "GENERAL."

"General" surrendered unconditionally when he was a youngster, "repudiated the degenerate faith of his fathers, and took to himself clean habits, clean food, and clean friends." Nothing could drive him back to the old life. Eventually, when his wings were strong enough to bear him, more room was needed for him, and he was sent to the New York "Zoo." There he knew his friends.



A SKUNK WHO WAS A PET—FOR A WHILE! THE "BABY" READY FOR ACTION.

The skunk is not to be recommended as a pet—for reasons that are only too obvious. One youngster "retaliated" by using his scent-gun. He did this several times until his supply of ammunition was exhausted. We then picked him up and got a photograph.



AN ACROBATIC CHIPMUNK: HARVESTING NUTS FROM A STRING.

The chipmunk soon got to know that a piece of string had a nut at the end, and became cunning enough not only to cut the string to get a nut, but to haul a line up in order to draw nuts to him. In this case, he jumped and grabbed at the treasure, and swung in the air like a trapezist.



AN ARMADILLO POSED BY REQUEST: A "BONY-LOOKING BASKET" OF THE FUTURE.

The armadillo of Texas and Mexico is a prey of negro and Mexican hunters, who make them into baskets—"bony-looking baskets of mosaic pattern." A tame armadillo can be kept easily on a diet of eggs, raw or cooked, plus a limited amount of chopped raw meat.



A BADGER IMITATING A ROTARY PLOUGH: "BILLY" MAKING THE DIRT FLY.

As a baby, Billy was brought up not to dig, but instinct was too much for him, and he was soon making the dirt fly. "Snorting, with his nose in a mole-hole, he scratched and kicked, fairly starved for the taste of rodents." He is now the mascot of a football team—the "Badgers," of boys at Pacific University—"instructing" in the game, scooting low to the ground and tackling ankles nippily.



AN ANTELOPE FAWN PLAYING POSSUM: A TINY DOE SHAMMING DEAD.

The trapper saw a hump in the sand. He looked again and again, and decided that it was an antelope fawn. "He reached under and raised it a little, but the fawn fell back in a heap. It was lifeless. Bolkan knew better. The fawn was not dead. Before him lay a tiny doe antelope, helpless in a land of many enemies. . . . The helpless little one was playing its game of possum."

In their time the Finleys have had many wild animal pets; for during his long service as State Biologist and Game Warden of the State of Oregon, Mr. Finley has had many opportunities for collecting and observing. One result is the very interesting book dealt with here and on the opposite page, a book that all lovers of natural history should read. Not all the wild pets were constant to their human friends. Some of them went back to the wild when sex called to sex; others grew too big to be kept in domesticity. The greatest exceptions were a California quail and a condor—although it is true that in the latter

case the pet, tame as it was, had to be sent to a "Zoo" when it outgrew its home surroundings. The quail, as we have noted above, "burnt all his wild bridges behind him." The condor was even more remarkable, for he had to conquer instincts derived from the age-old past and a most disreputable parentage. Mr. Finley saw him immediately after his birth in a rocky cave in the Sierra Madre Range of Southern California—"a downy white nestling not larger than the egg." After photographs had been taken, he was given back to his mother; and it was not until months later that he was captured.

RARE MAPS "UNDER THE HAMMER": RELICS OF GILBERT AND RALEIGH.

By courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co. (Compare also the colour illustration on page 483.)

THESE two rare examples of sixteenth-century cartography, along with that reproduced in colour on page 483, will figure in the sale of important Americana, largely from the library of the ninth Earl of Northumberland (1564-1632), to be held at Sotheby's on April 23 and 24. The upper one is "Sir Humphrey Gilbert's map of North America and the Arctic regions made for him by Dr. John Dee, circa 1582 (24½ in. by 19½ in.) drawn on paper in water-colours . . . a map of the very first importance, and a unique relic of one of the greatest Elizabethan explorers." It bears his own signature and Dr. Dee's "curious cabalistic sign," the "Monas Hieroglyphica," shown very small in the right-hand lower corner. "The map (we read) may have been taken on Sir Humphrey Gilbert's last voyage, in 1583. If so, it must have been relegated to another ship

(Continued opposite.)



"HUMFRAY GYLBERT KNIGHT HIS CHART": A MAP SO INSCRIBED (IN RIGHT LOWER CORNER) AND BEARING (BELOW) THE MONAS HIEROGLYPHICA OF DR. JOHN DEE, WHO PROBABLY MADE IT FOR GILBERT'S LAST VOYAGE IN 1583—A UNIQUE RELIC OF A GREAT ELIZABETHAN EXPLORER.

on the way home, and so escaped the wreck of Gilbert's ship, the 'Squirrel.' Later, perhaps, it passed to Raleigh, and from him to Northumberland when both were in the Tower together." The lower photograph shows "a magnificent MS. map on vellum, with brilliant colouring, 13 in. by 18½ in., circa 1597, endorsed in contemporary handwriting 'The Ryver of Orenoque.' . . . obviously never designed for a practical Navigator's chart, but probably prepared by Raleigh for presentation to the 'Wizard Earl' of Northumberland. . . The most conspicuous feature is the fabled lake of Parine, on the shores of which was believed to stand the Golden City of Manoa, 'El Dorado.'" The map dates from the years following Raleigh's voyage—1595-7—to Guiana, a country much discussed just at present in connection with the British colony's new constitution.



"THE RYVER OF ORENOQUE": A "MAGNIFICENT EARLY MAP" DATING "FROM THE YEARS FOLLOWING THE VOYAGE OF RALEIGH TO GUIANA, IN 1595-7," AND INCLUDING THE FABLED LAKE OF PARINE, BESIDE THE SHORES OF WHICH WAS BELIEVED TO STAND THE GOLDEN CITY OF MANOA, "EL DORADO"—PROBABLY PREPARED AS A GIFT FROM SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO THE "WIZARD EARL" OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

A Gem among Picture Maps:

Virginia in 1612
"Discribed by Captain John Smith."

From "the most important M.S. of American interest" coming under the hammer.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.

This beautiful seven-teenth-century map of Virginia is contained in the Strachey Manuscript, one of the chief lots in the sale, to be held at Sotheby's on April 23 and 24, of "exceedingly rare and valuable Americana, with some important English books and manuscripts, largely from the library of Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland (1564-1632), at Petworth House, sold by order of his descendant, the Rt. Hon. Lord Leconfield." The Strachey Manuscript, of which only two other copies exist (in the British Museum and the Bodleian), is considered the earliest of the three and "probably the most important manuscript of American interest remaining in private hands." It was written by William Strachey in 1611, on his return from Virginia. He was in the wreck of the "Sea Venture" on the Bermudas, which perhaps gave Shakespeare ideas for "The Tempest."



Colour and Costume in Nigeria: Sudd-Cutting; and "Crusader's Armour."

REPRODUCTIONS FROM SUBJECTS IN THE EXHIBITION OF SMALL PICTURES MADE IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA BY G. SPENCER-PRYSE, M.C., AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



"SUDD-CUTTING
ON THE
OLUWE RIVER":
A GANG
OF NATIVE
LABOURERS,
EMPLOYED BY
THE NIGERIAN
MARINE,
CLEARING A
CHANNEL
THROUGH MASSES
OF FLOATING
WEED WITH
LONG SAW-EDGED
POLES.



"A MOUNTED
SENTRY IN
THE PALACE
PRECINCTS
AT KANO":
A NIGERIAN
HORSEMAN
IN CHAIN
ARMOUR OF
MEDIÆVAL TYPE,
REMINISCENT
OF THE
CRUSADES,
BROUGHT "FROM
THE EAST
LONG AGO."

The coast of southern Nigeria is broken into a bewildering maze of lagoons and forest-clad islands. These lagoons furnish the only means of communication between isolated posts; and it is by boat that contact is maintained between Government in Lagos and the waterside population over wide areas. From time to time floating weed appears on the water, to be quickly transformed into an impenetrable mass of six-foot-high grass, extending across the fairway. This *sudd*, as it called, puts a total stop to navigation; and it is one of the functions of the Nigerian Marine to keep open channels. Under the control of Lieut.-Commander Bird, gangs of cutters, armed with long saw-edged poles, were engaged in this work

on the Oluwe river when Mr. Spencer-Pryse's launch arrived on the scene.—Chain armour, consisting of steel shirt and headpiece, is worn by the bodyguard in an Emirate of northern Nigeria, just as it was in mediæval Europe. Mr. Spencer-Pryse has brought back a suit of this armour to England, and examination shows that the mail is not welded, as it would be if it were of modern manufacture, but that each individual link is closed with a minute rivet, involving infinite labour. This armour is sometimes called "Crusader's armour," and the sentry's resemblance to a Crusader is unmistakable. Questioned on the matter, the Alcali in Kano could only say that the armour "came from the East, long ago."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LT.-COL. CECIL LEVITA, C.B.E.
New Chairman of the L.C.C. Has served on the Council for seventeen years. Late Royal Horse Artillery. Has seen much active service, including the Great War.



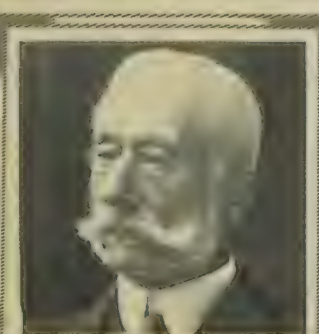
COLONEL SIR HENRY G. LYONS.
Director and Secretary of the Science Museum, whose new wing the King opened on March 20. Symons Medallist, Royal Meteorological Society, 1922. Served in War.



THE HON. SIR ODO RUSSELL.
New Minister at the Hague. Minister to the Holy See since December, 1922. Entered the Diplomatic Service in 1892. Formerly Minister in Bern. Brother of Lord Amphil.



LORD CHILSTON.
Succeeding Sir Colville Barclay as Minister at Budapest. Better known as the Hon. Aretas Akers-Douglas. Became Minister at Vienna in 1921.



SIR DAVID FERRIER.
(Born, January 13, 1843; died, March 19.) Famous doctor. A pioneer in neurology. Former Pres. of the Neurological Society and Editor of its journal, "Brain."



LORD ST. DAVIDS.
To be an independent member of the Jockey Club's and Hunt Committee's Authority for administering the funds if the Totalisator Bill is passed by Parliament.



MR. ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD.
To be an independent member of the Jockey Club's and Hunt Committee's Authority for administering the funds if the Totalisator Bill is passed by Parliament.



MR. HUGH VIVIAN SMITH.
To be an independent member of the Jockey Club's and Hunt Committee's Authority for administering the funds if the Totalisator Bill is passed by Parliament.



ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES VAUGHAN-LEE.
(Born, February 27, 1867; died, March 16.) During the Great War served in the North Sea, at the Admiralty, and at Portsmouth.

RUSHDI PASHA.
(Born, about 1864; died, March 13.) Famous Egyptian statesman. A former Prime Minister and the President of the Senate. Premier throughout the Great War.



CAPTAIN K. G. B. DEWAR.
Relieved of his position in "Royal Oak." A gunnery specialist. Has held numerous important positions, including that of Deputy Director of Naval Intelligence.



REAR-ADMIRAL B. ST. G. COLLARD.
Struck his flag after the "Royal Oak" incident. Gave the famous "On the knee" order in 1906. A Beach Master at Gallipoli. Became a Rear-Admiral last year.



THE MUCH-DISCUSSED NAVAL "INCIDENT":
H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK."

"Royal Oak" is of the "Royal Sovereign" class, all of whose units are fitted as flag-ships. She was laid down in January 1914, and completed in May 1916. In 1922-24 she was refitted.



ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES.
Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Station. After the "Royal Oak" incident, took disciplinary action and ordered a Court of Inquiry. Mediterranean Station 1925.



COMMANDER H. M. DANIEL, D.S.O.
Relieved of his position in "Royal Oak." Won D.S.O. for services as executive and gunnery officer of "Dauntless" in the Baltic during 1919. Did good war work.



Continued.
has been relieved by order of the Admiralty, and is returning to England. Certain issues important from the point of view of discipline remain, and the Board of Admiralty have decided... that these matters shall be investigated by Courts-Martial on the Captain and the Commander respectively."

Mr. Bridgeman said in the House on March 19: "A careful examination of the reports of the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, and the Court of Inquiry has been made, and the Board concur in the action taken by the Commander-in-Chief in regard to all three officers. Rear-Admiral Collard

(Continued opposite.)



THE ENGLISH FIFTEEN, WHO WON THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH ON MARCH 17.

Back Row—from left to right: H. G. Periton, C. D. Aarvold, K. J. Stark, J. Hanley, F. D. Prentice, G. V. Palmer, T. H. Vile (Wales; Referee). Second Row: W. J. Taylor, J. V. Richardson, E. Stanbury, R. Cove-Smith, J. S. Tucker, T. W. Brown, R. H. Sparkes. On Ground: H. C. C. Laird, A. T. Young.



THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN, WHO LOST THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH ON MARCH '17.

Back Row—from left to right: L. M. Stuart, J. W. Scott, W. N. Roughead, W. G. Ferguson, R. F. Kelly, A. H. Brown. Second Row: D. S. Kerr, W. M. Simmers, J. M. Bannerman, D. S. Drysdale, G. P. S. Macpherson, J. Graham, J. B. Nelson. On Ground: J. Goodfellow, T. H. Vile (Wales; Referee), J. R. Paterson.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

RUMANIAN STAMP REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.



RIOTING CONSEQUENT UPON THE PRESENTATION OF THE BRITISH NOTE TO EGYPT:
POLICE IN ACTION OUTSIDE THE "BEIT EL UMMIA."

A serious collision between police and students took place in Cairo, at the "Beit el Umma" (House of Nation), which, formerly the property of the late Zaghlul Pasha, was bought by the State, and became the home of Mme. Zaghlul and the headquarters of the Wafd. The police were stoned from its terrace.



A SEQUEL TO THE PRESENTATION OF THE BRITISH NOTE TO EGYPT:
SARWAT PASHA, THE PREMIER, AFTER HIS RESIGNATION.

Sarwat Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, resigned office after the Egyptian Government had rejected the proposed Treaty of Alliance with Great Britain. A new Wafdist-Liberal Coalition Cabinet has been formed by Mustapha Pasha Nahas, President of the Chamber and Leader of the Wafd.



GERMANY'S PRESENT "EMDEN": THE CRUISER AT WILHELMSHAVEN
ON HER RETURN FROM A WORLD TOUR.

The "Emden" is, of course, named after the famous "Emden" of the Great War. By the Treaty, Germany is allowed eight cruisers—six in commission and two in reserve; and new ships must not exceed 6000 metric tons displacement, or be armed with a gun heavier than 6-inch. The "Emden" dates from January 1925.



BY ASSENT OF THE KING: PIPERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS WEARING THEIR
NEW BLACK OSTRICH FEATHER BONNETS—EVOLVED FROM A DUCHESS OF
GORDON'S CAP.

The King has given permission for the pipers of the Scots Guards to wear the feather bonnet. This bonnet is said to have been evolved from the grey-blue velvet cap, with a long black ostrich feather drooping over the crown, which was worn when the eighteenth-century Duchess Jane was recruiting for the 92nd Gordon Highlanders raised by her son, a former Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly) and herself. The cap is now a treasure of the Gordons.



THE BOY KING MICHAEL
OF RUMANIA ON A STAMP.

King Michael of Rumania, who succeeded on the death of his grandfather, now figures on his country's postage stamps. He was born on October 25, 1921.



THE NURSERY SCHOOL, HIGH TREES, AFTER THE FATAL FIRE OF MARCH 17.

Five young children perished in the fire at High Trees, which is in Axes Lane, Salfords, between Redhill and Horley. Both the principals, the Misses Tucker and Young, gallantly attempted rescue work. The outbreak took place at about eleven o'clock at night.



A LABOUR LEAGUE'S "OFFICER'S
UNIFORM," WORN WITH A RED TIE.
A Parliamentary question has been put as to a khaki uniform worn by some members of the Labour League of ex-Service Men.



THE "UNSYNKABLE" 21-FT. LIFEBOAT SAILS
FROM LONDON FOR AMERICA.

The "Schuttevaer," which, it is claimed, is unsinkable, left Westminster for America on March 19. She carries a crew of four, headed by the seventy-year-old inventor.

ROYAL ACTIVITIES: A NATIONAL EMBLEM; THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.



SHAMROCK FOR THE IRISH GUARDS ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY: THE DUCHESS OF YORK WITH GENERAL LORD CAVAN, COLONEL OF THE IRISH GUARDS.



AT THE CEREMONIAL PARADE OF THE IRISH GUARDS ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY: THE DUCHESS OF YORK HANDING A SPRIG OF SHAMROCK TO AN OFFICER.



THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK INSPECTING THE IRISH GUARDS AT CHELSEA BARRACKS.

As is the custom, each officer, non-commissioned officer, and Guardsman of the Irish Guards wore a sprig of shamrock in his tunic on St. Patrick's Day. The

emblems were distributed at Chelsea Barracks by the Duchess of York, who handed to the officer of each company a tray containing sprays for his men.



THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, OPENING THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, ON MARCH 20: HIS MAJESTY READING HIS SPEECH IN ANSWER TO THE ADDRESS.

The King, who was accompanied by the Queen, opened the new buildings of the Science Museum, at South Kensington, on March 20, standing, appropriately enough, facing Wright's aeroplane, and with Stephenson's "Rocket" on his right. In the course of his speech in reply to the address, his Majesty said: "The Queen and myself take a keen interest in the National Museums, which have developed in this part of London. . . . A Museum of Science was a novel departure when the scheme was initiated soon after the Exhibition of 1851. But



AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: THE KING AND QUEEN KEENLY APPRECIATIVE OF THE AEROPLANE SECTION, WHOSE INTEREST BEGINS WITH THE WRIGHT MACHINE, AND ENDS WITH THE MACHINES OF TO-DAY.



"A SCIENCE MUSEUM IS A NATURAL FOCUS AND EMBODIMENT OF THE SPIRIT AND ASPIRATIONS OF OUR TIME": THE KING REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

we now live in an age when the result of scientific research and the application of mechanical devices play an increasingly important part in the life of the people. A Science Museum is a natural focus and embodiment of the spirit and aspirations of our time. . . . The splendour of these collections is due almost as much to the generosity of private citizens as to the enlightened action of Governments." Their Majesties inspected the Aeroplane Section; and made a tour of the Galleries to see the model ships, which form the finest collection of its kind in the world.



QUEEN SURAYYA, ABOARD THE MINE-LAYER "ALRESFORD," WATCHES THE SUBMARINE "L22" SUBMERGE, WITH KING AMANULLAH ON BOARD; HER MAJESTY SHORTLY BEFORE SHE EXCHANGED GREETINGS WITH HIM BY SOUND-SIGNALLING APPARATUS.



KING AMANULLAH (ON THE GANGWAY) PIPED ABOARD SUBMARINE "L22" FROM WHICH HE FIRED TWO TORPEDOES AT THE MINE-SWEEPER "ROSS," BOTH SCORING HITS.



THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN EMERGING FROM A GUN-TURRET ABOARD THE BATTLE-CRUISER "TIGER": AN INCIDENT OF HIS RECENT VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

On March 19 the King and Queen of Afghanistan motored from London to Portsmouth, where they were received by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Crampton Brock. First they went over the "Victory," and saw the spot where Nelson fell, the Admiral's quarters, and the lower gun-deck. In contrast to the old man-of-war of 1805, they next visited the great 29,000-ton battle-cruiser, H.M.S. "Tiger," with her 13.5 twin gun-turrets, which King Amanullah inspected. The "Tiger" was berthed at the South Railway Jetty. After luncheon at Admiralty House, the Royal party returned to the jetty, and King Amanullah embarked (over the "Tiger" and the mine-layer "Alresford") in the Submarine "L22," which flew the Afghan standard, for a trip to Southampton, while Queen Surayya remained in the "Alresford," whose chart-house had been converted into a saloon for her use. The "L22" then dived, and was several times completely submerged, but for the most part she kept her periscope above water so that the King could look through it. He fired two torpedoes at the mine-sweeper "Ross," scoring a hit with each, and

THE AFGHAN KING WITH A TRIP IN A SUBMARINE

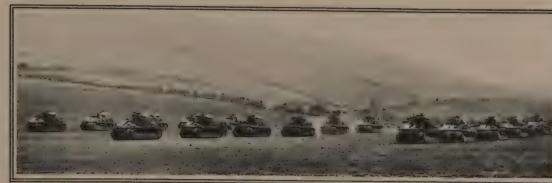


THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN INSPECTS THE MAIN ARMAMENT OF A BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISER: KING AMANULLAH (AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER) CLIMBING UP INTO A GUN-TURRET IN H.M.S. "TIGER."



THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN PIPED ABOARD THE 29,000-TON BATTLE-CRUISER "TIGER," BERTHED AT THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH: THE ROYAL PARTY CROSSING THE GANGWAY.

THE NAVY AND THE ARMY: AND A "BATTLE" OF TANKS.



A TANK ATTACK AT LULWORTH DURING A DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN: A LARGE FORCE OF TANKS MOVING PAST HIM IN FORMATION.



THE "BATTLE" OF TANKS ARRANGED IN HONOUR OF THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN: ONE OF THE TANKS SHELLING A "FORTRESS" DURING THE OPERATIONS AT LULWORTH.



KING AMANULLAH (SALUTING) INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE TANK CORPS: AN INCIDENT OF HIS RECENT VISIT TO LULWORTH COVE, DORSET.

was presented with a badge of good marksmanship. He sent a message to Queen Surayya by sound-signalling apparatus, saying: "I send you my best wishes from under the water," and she replied (from the "Alresford"): "I send you my very best wishes from above water." King Amanullah was deeply interested in all he saw in the various ships. The next day they visited Lulworth Cove, Dorset, where they were received by Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Sir Alexander Godley, Chief of the Southern Command, and saw a great mimic "battle" of Tanks. Queen Surayya watched it through glasses from a neighbouring house, while King Amanullah followed the operations in a tractor car. He was intensely excited by a realistic attack on forts, and by the sight of two 40-ton Tanks descending a steep pit and coming up the other side, an incident which he photographed. After seeing the Tanks in mass formation, he entered and examined one of the latest models. In the afternoon the Royal visitors watched a military display at Bulford, near Salisbury.



RECORDING BY CAMERA HIS IMPRESSIONS OF MECHANISED WARFARE: KING AMANULLAH (STANDING IN THE CAR) TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH OF TANK OPERATIONS.



INSPECTING A METHOD OF WESTERN WARFARE WHICH HE WATCHED IN OPERATION: KING AMANULLAH IN ONE OF THE LATEST BRITISH TANKS.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK :
NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "ALICE" MS. BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.




SIR ALAN COBHAM'S SEAPLANE SURROUNDED BY BAGANDA CANOES AT ENTEBBE, ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA: A CONTRAST BETWEEN OLD AND NEW FORMS OF TRANSPORT IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



"AIR-CAB NO. 1." : A GERMAN AEROPLANE OF THE WESTPHALIAN AIR TRAFFIC COMPANY, AT DORTMUND AERODROME, PUT ON PUBLIC HIRE SERVICE AT FIXED PRICES PER KILOMETRE—"FARES" GOING ABOARD.

A Christmas Gift to a Dear Child in Memory of a Summer Day.

Chapter I



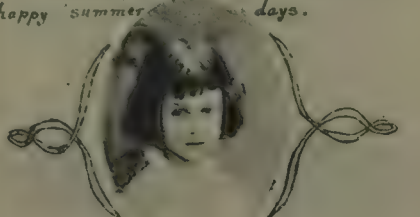
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and what is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations? So she was considering in her own mind, (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid,) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself "dear, dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for

90

of her own little sister. So the boat wound slowly along, beneath the bright summer day, with its merry crew and its music of voices and laughter, till it passed round one of the many turnings of the stream, and she saw it no more.

Then she thought, (in a dream within the dream, as it were,) how this same little Alice would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman: and how she would keep, through her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a wonderful tale, perhaps even with these very adventures of the little Alice of long-ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.



THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND" (FIRST CALLED "ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND"), OFFERED FOR SALE BY THE ORIGINAL OF "ALICE" HERSELF: THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST CHAPTER, WITH ONE OF "LEWIS CARROLL'S" OWN ILLUSTRATIONS, MANY OF WHICH TENNIEL FOLLOWED CLOSELY.

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL "ALICE" : A PAGE OF THE MS. OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND," SOON TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER.



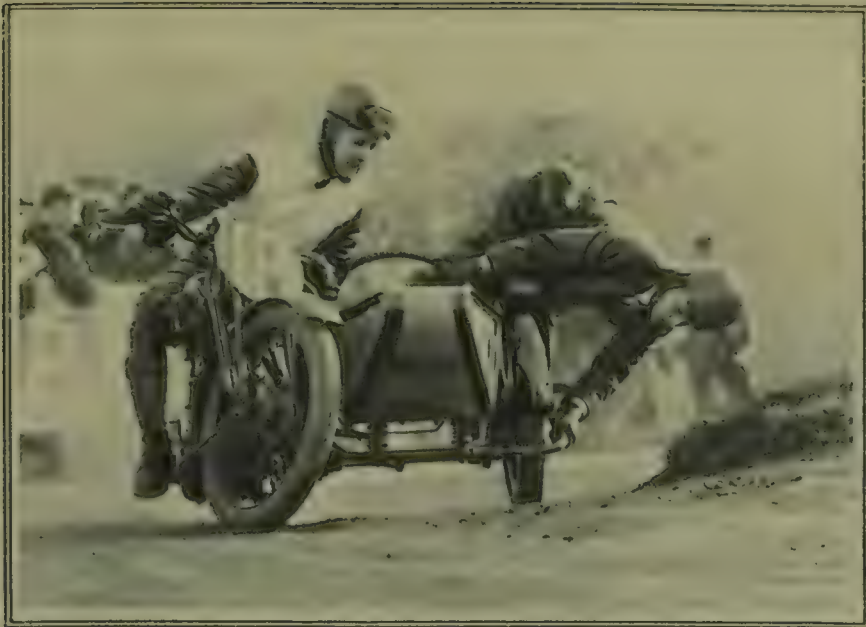
A MANNEQUIN PARADE AT THE EXHIBITION OF ARTIFICIAL SILK GOODS IN HOLLAND PARK HALL: A LINE OF GIRLS ON A RAISED PLATFORM DISPLAYING VARIOUS FORMS OF THE MATERIAL.

Sir Alan and Lady Cobham, in the course of their African air tour in the Short-Singapore seaplane, arrived on Feb. 4 at Entebbe, the headquarters of the Government of Uganda. Sir Alan made an aerial survey of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and then flew to Khartum and back to prove the feasibility of air communication. Later, he went to Nairobi, then Beira, and Durban. — The



THE CHARMS OF ARTIFICIAL SILK : A PICTURESQUE GROUP OF MANNEQUINS DISPLAYING NEW DESIGNS IN PYJAMAS AT THE EXHIBITION IN HOLLAND PARK HALL.

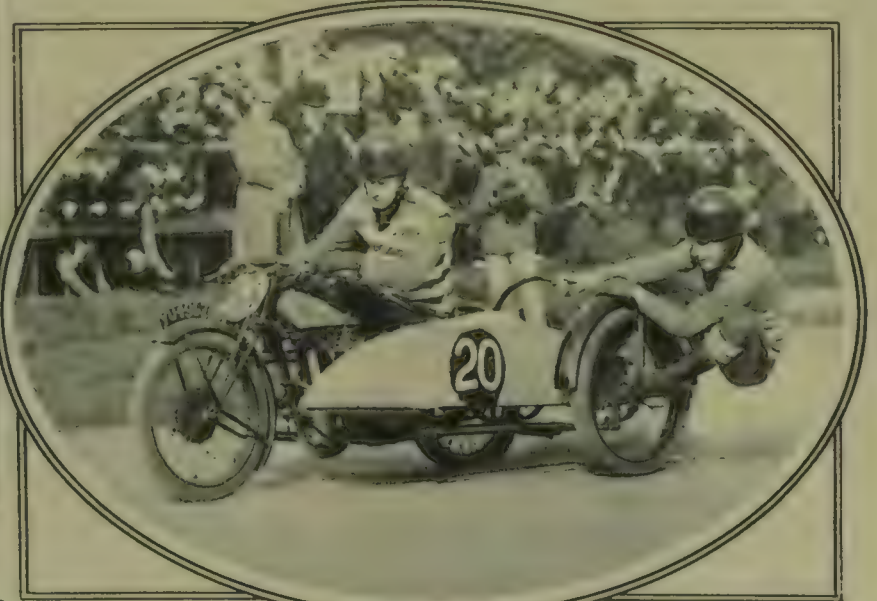
Westphalian Air Traffic Company has lately put on hire service for the public, at Dortmund air station, an aeroplane (illustrated above) bearing the inscription, "Luft-Droschke (Air-Cab) No. 1." — A sale of manuscripts, books, and letters to be held at Sotheby's on April 2, 3, and 4 will include (on the first day) the original autograph MS. by Charles L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") of his immortal story first entitled "Alice's Adventures Under Ground," and afterwards published as "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." It contains thirty-seven pen-and-ink illustrations by the author, many of which were closely followed by Sir John Tenniel, and a photograph (taken by the author) of the original Alice, now Mrs. Alice Pleasance Hargreaves, the owner of the manuscript. A facsimile of the MS., without the photograph, was published by Macmillan's in 1886. — An exhibition of artificial silk goods, the third of its kind arranged by the "Draper's Organiser," was opened on March 19, in Holland Park Hall, by Mr. H. G. Williams, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. He said that the fabric in whose honour they were met was producing a social revolution. The artificial silk industry was advancing by leaps and bounds. No great industry had made such amazing progress in such a short period. An inaugural luncheon in connection with the exhibition was held at the Mav Fair Hotel.



WITH HIS PASSENGER LEANING OUT AT A PERILOUS ANGLE TO KEEP THE CAR'S BALANCE: MR. G. HOLE (WINNER OF THE COVENTRY CUP, CLASS B) TAKING A HAIR-PIN BEND AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE RACES.

THE PASSENGER'S PART IN MOTOR-CYCLE RACES:

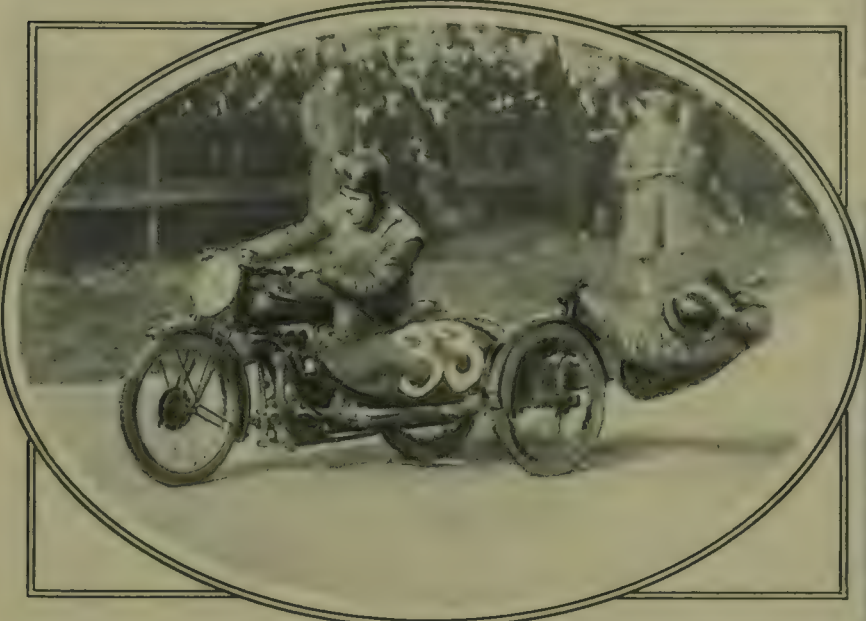
"TRIMMING THE BOAT."



A LIGHT PASSENGER CLIMBS OUT OVER THE WHEEL WITH HIS FOOT ON THE HUB AND CLINGS TO A CROSS-BAR: MR. H. R. TAYLOR (DRIVING) AT A HAIR-PIN BEND, IN THE RACE FOR THE COVENTRY CUP.



DARING "ACROBATICS" BY A PASSENGER, STRETCHING OUT HORIZONTALLY WITH HIS HEAD ALMOST TOUCHING THE GROUND, TO PREVENT THE CAR FROM UPSETTING ON THE OFF SIDE: MR. F. H. BRACKPOOL (THE DRIVER) AT A BEND IN THE RACE FOR THE BRISTOL CUP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE



WITH HIS PASSENGER LEANING OUT BACKWARDS, LIKE A PARACHUTIST DROPPING OFF AN AEROPLANE: MR. G. A. NORCHI, A "DARE-DEVIL" DRIVER WHO BROKE A SPEED RECORD, ROUNDING A BEND IN THE BRISTOL CUP RACE.

The "passenger" in a motor-cycle sidecar race is far from being an idle burden. He takes a strenuous and spectacular part in the work, for it is his duty, so to speak, to "trim the boat"—that is, to prevent the car from upsetting on the off-side when rounding a bend. He does it by leaning out as far as possible towards the inner side of the curve, or even by climbing out over the wheel and holding on to a cross-bar. The above photographs were taken at the first motor-cycle race meeting of the season, held at the Crystal Palace on March 17, before nearly 20,000 spectators. The one-mile circuit included steep gradients and six hair-pin bends. Two competitors were overturned, but neither they nor their passengers were seriously hurt. One machine injured a Press photographer, and another almost skidded into the official stand. The chief event, the Bristol Cup



A BACK VIEW OF A MOTOR-CYCLIST'S PASSENGER PRESERVING THE CAR'S BALANCE: A COMPETITOR IN THE BRISTOL CUP RACE TAKING A HAIR-PIN BEND.

Race, over a five-mile course, was won by A. F. G. Hicks. The other events were the Wolverhampton, Maidstone, Coventry, and Birmingham Cups. Mr. Norchi has been called a "dare-devil" driver. His machine stopped on the first lap, but he restarted and, on the next, broke the side-car record by lapping in 2 min. 3 sec., the previous best having been 2 min. 5 sec., by Mr. F. H. Brackpool.

ENGLAND'S "RUGGER" TRIUMPH: THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND CALCUTTA CUP.



THE "JUBILEE" MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, PLAYED BEFORE THE KING AND A RECORD CROWD:
AN INCIDENT IN THE SCORING OF ENGLAND'S FIRST TRY—TAYLOR PASSES WHEN TACKLED BY DRYSDALE.

The "Jubilee" England v. Scotland match, played at Twickenham before the King and some 60,000 spectators on March 17, when England won by 2 tries (6 points) to nil, was a memorable event in the annals of Rugby football. In the first place, it was the fiftieth match played between the two senior "Rugger" countries, and each had previously won twenty games, the other nine having been drawn. The victory not only restored to England the Calcutta Cup, but also gave England the International championship and an undefeated record for the year. England had previously beaten Wales, Ireland, and France, and, having also defeated the Waratahs (New South Wales), has thus for the first time won five international matches in one season. Our photograph (in which the English

team may be distinguished by their white jerseys); illustrates a brilliant piece of play that led up to England's first try. On the left W. J. Taylor, well tackled by D. S. Drysdale, the Scottish back, is seen passing to an English forward. Further passing followed and eventually the try was scored by H. C. C. Laird. The second try was obtained by J. Hanley from a pass by A. T. Young. The Calcutta Cup, held each year by the winner of the England v. Scotland match, was presented to the Rugby Union in 1878 by the Calcutta Football Club, to perpetuate its name on its disbandment. The chief mover in the presentation was the late Mr. G. A. J. Rothney, who had founded the club in 1872. It has lately been revived.



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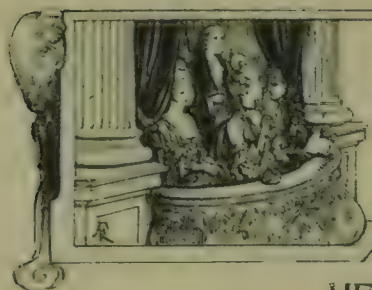
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Entered by S. Maguire

"TALLY HO!"

Tally Ho! How happily the cry is taken up. For a glorious run of genial contentment and fellowship is certain, when mankind first sights —

DEWAR'S



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



HENRIK IBSEN: A TRIBUTE.—"COLLAPSE": YOUNG VEDRENNE.

IBSEN was a modern St. George, and the dragon which he fought was the pack of lies be-setting the lives of his contemporaries. To say that Ibsen was morbid is to fail in penetrating beyond the surface of his work. He strove for the betterment of the men and women around him; his aim was to forecast, to reach, or to point to the truth at all cost; and in order to attain that he was not afraid to make us his companions in his explorations of the seamy side. There is a great ethical lesson in every work of Ibsen. Peruse "The Pillars of Society"; take "Ghosts"; take "The League of Truth"; take his masterpieces, "The Enemy of the People" and "Brand"—and you will feel it more cogently than any word of mine (or any of his commentators) could express it. For many long years, from the moment he became a voluntary exile from his own country, he fought his battle single-handed. Whereas Björnson, that other great emancipator of the North, often in his dramas sought the final note of solace, Ibsen remained uncompromising. He found his power in his isolation, and by that manful attitude he succeeded in finally subjugating the whole world to the domination of his genius.

How did it come to pass that this painter of the sombre palette, this poet full of mysticism to the casual observer, this psychiatric surgeon of the human mind—a strange blend of art and science—became the regenerator of the European drama? For he had been educated under the influence of Scribe, and in his earlier work—*vide* "Catalina" and the "Vikings"—he was a docile follower of his preceptor. But in riper manhood, and as he studied the progress of artifice in the theatre in the great countries of the Continent, he suddenly awoke to freedom. He recognised that there were more natural methods to interest and to hold the crowd. He became an iconoclast and subsequently a pioneer. Hitherto the doctrine of the playwright of modern times had been to render characters subservient to incidents. Ibsen reversed that order of things. He rendered incidents subservient to the inwardness of his characters. The result was that the idea of plot was relegated to the far background; that the mathematical structure of plays was abolished; that the form of expression descended from the magnificently rhetorical to the seemingly commonplace. To summarise, he transformed that which had been a complicated machine into an instrument of the utmost simplicity. At first this reformation seemed doomed in all quarters. It was repudiated in his own country; it raised a storm in others—in England it unchained a tornado, vestiges of which could still be traced in recent years. In Germany, and above all in Holland, whose population is in kinship with the Norsemen, the prose dramas of Ibsen found their first acceptance. In the early 'eighties of last century these two countries were sick unto death of romanticism, of the dulcet bourgeois-comedy, the sleight-of-hand drama of the French. They received the new North Star with open arms. True, it took them time to follow the current of his ideas, the nature of his characters; but with genuine Teutonic thoroughness they persevered, and succeeded in understanding the features of Norwegian thought and family life. They disciplined their minds to the recognition that that which seems mystic (and, as the flippant would say, "senseless") to some nations is bred in the bone and marrow of others. The Germans and the Hollanders saw, long before others saw it, that whatever Ibsen's creations uttered, however commonplace it might sound, was not mere verbiage, but a link in a solid and consistent chain of characterisation. And, when this was duly appreciated, there followed the sincerest form of flattery. The Ibsen formula made proselytes, and before long the reflective, introspective, philosophical school became an overwhelming rival to the school of stratagem and studied construction.

The advent of Ibsen in England was akin to martyrdom. His name was a

byword, and his missionaries were persecuted with the same opprobrium as their master. It is a sad page in our literature, and those who degraded their pens in the early 'nineties by language of the gutter will now read with shamed faces how the man whom they besmirched is posthumously honoured in every organ of public opinion.



MR. A. A. MILNE'S DETECTIVE PLAY AT THE HAY-MARKET: THE EXAMINATION SCENE IN "THE FOURTH WALL"—MR. DAVID HAWTHORNE AS "SERGEANT" MALLET; MR. JACK HOBBS AS JIMMY LUDGROVE; MISS NORA SWINBURNE AS SUSAN CUNNINGHAM; AND MR. TOM REYNOLDS AS P.C. MALLET.

In "The Fourth Wall," the audience see a murder committed, and are then able to watch the reconstruction of the crime by the police, as represented by a C.I.D. man and his village-constable father; and by interested amateurs represented by Jimmy Ludgrove and Susan Cunningham.



IN THE "OLD MIDDLESEX MUSIC-HALL" SCENE OF "THE SPIDER," AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE: MISS BLYTH DALY AS ESTELLE; MR. LESLIE FABER AS CHATRANDE THE GREAT, THE MAGICIAN; MR. CHARLES CROMER AS ALEXANDER; AND MR. JUNICHI KUNIHARA AS TOMMY.

"The Spider" is one of the recent additions to the numerous "thrillers" now to be seen in London. Certain of the action takes place in the auditorium and for a while the audience are "detained" by the police. Miss Daly, by the way, is the daughter of the late Mr. Arnold Daly, who appeared in so many Bernard Shaw plays in the United States, and will be remembered here for his acting in "Arms and the Man" when it was given at the Criterion some years ago.

In "Collapse," by Mr. L. W. Vedrenne, a sinister omen suddenly descends upon the country manor of the Communist Lord Saxie, who is a reformer and benefactor of the people. He is engaged in religious and political argument with his friend, the clergyman, who confessed to a weakness for whisky; he is surrounded by his son, normal and idealist; the latter's fiancée, an *amoureuse*; another friend of the family, a sensualist; and Mrs. Anthony, a hedonist. They palaver all in their own way, godly, ungodly, profane. There is the incursion of an old farmer, complaining that his daughter has left her husband for another man because she does not want children; there is much philosophy, commingled with the names of Marx and Freud in their cross-talk—when suddenly the loud-speaker utters awe-inspiring sounds, and a sonorous voice in great solemnity heralds the Day of Judgment—six days hence. The son of the house tries to shut down the instrument; he cuts the wires: try as he will, the voice continues the prophetic warning. When they communicate with friends by telephone, they learn that the message is universal; it has been heard in Liverpool, across the seas in foreign tongues, even in Brazil (in Spanish, forsooth! despite the Portuguese national idiom). It must be true—at any rate to those on the wireless. What happens to the non-listeners we never learn.

Well, so here they are: six days to live—then the world's end! And most extraordinary is the effect of the doom. It produces, in some of the people of the play, wild passions, in others yielding to drink; it leads to demonstrations of lust, to strife, to murder. The Communist Lord Saxie alone remains normally human in his fear and submission; the clergyman, either in his cups or suddenly converted to abstaining, laments that in this vale of tears not the Church is at fault, but its servants. Chaos reigns in the erstwhile peaceful manor—the poet's mood: "Let's live to-day, since to-morrow is not ours," comes true with a vengeance. When the six days are gone, the hour of judgment nigh, all are ready or subdued in their own particular way, though the beasts in the field, so sensitive to all Nature's changes, heed it not. The loud-speaker thunders out the sinister sounds—the sun becomes thickly veiled—darkness—*finis mundi*—curtain. And we say: *Cui bono*?—very interesting in parts, the work of a young thinker, but oh! what a turmoil in his imagination; what a juvenile, unripe, unreal consideration of humanity; what an undigested mass of theories, philosophy, doctrines of greater thinkers running riot in his fevered brain! We are amazed in the true sense of the word—amazed by this individual aspect of how humanity would behave if the Day of Judgment really came. Is it thus that we should spend the remaining hours on earth—in ribaldry, in drink, in lust, in talk often bordering on mockery, not to say profanity? I wonder whether the young author has ever stood at a death-bed. I say no more.

And yet, with all its faults, its wild exuberance of unbridled thoughts born of *Sturm und Drang*, I foresee that Mr. Vedrenne has in him the making of a dramatist. He does think; he is bold; he will let out what preoccupies his mind. He will say it when experience-clears his mental phantasmagoria, when he has learned to stem the tide of loquacity, when logic has sifted conflicting influences of other minds that now blur his outlook. Among the artists who played in this *bizarre* composition of etherealism, realism, and theatricality, two struck the right note—Mr. Huntley Wright as the clergyman (when he was audible) and Miss Muriel Alexander as the hedonist woman who looked upon life as a game and the Judgment Day as a gamble, and who, even in the Dutch courage of intoxication, preserved a sincerity and distinction which chastened the nature of the character. At last Miss Alexander, freed from the shackles of type-parts, has shown what is in her—penetration and feeling.

MYSTERIES OF HISTORY.

By C. J. S. THOMPSON, Author of "The Mysteries and Secrets of Magic," etc.

The "Mysteries of History" here discussed are dealt with in fuller form in a forthcoming book of unusual interest which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Faber and Gwyer. Our extracts are made by courtesy of that firm and of the author, Dr. C. J. S. Thompson, M.B.E.

DID HENRY I. DIE FROM THE EFFECTS OF EATING LAMPREYS?

THERE has always lingered an element of romance in connection with the fatal illness of Henry I., whose death, according to tradition, was due to eating lampreys. Whether this was true or not can only be judged by comparing the available evidence that has come down to us.

Henry I. was one of the most accomplished monarchs of his time, a man of fine physique and devoted to hunting. Towards the end of the year 1135 he went to Normandy on a visit to his daughter Maud, the wife of Geoffrey, Count of Anjou. It is said that he had been unwell for some time, though his physicians were unable to tell the cause of his trouble; wherefore, says the chronicle, "to drive his grief away he went abroad to hunt, and being somewhat amended thereby (as he thought) at his coming home he would needs eat a lamprey, though his physician counselled him to the contrary, but he delighting most in that meat (though it be in quality very hurtful to health) would not be dissuaded from it, so that his stomach being annoyed therewith, he fell immediately into an ague and so died shortly after."

According to the most reliable records, the King was on his return journey to England, and on December 1, 1135, had arrived at Lyons la Forêt, where he partook of the meal which caused the sudden fatal attack.

Lampreys have been esteemed as a delicacy from the time of the Romans, and on account of their rarity were usually offered as a tribute to royalty. The Severn was noted for them, and, until 1830, the city of Gloucester sent to the reigning sovereign a lamprey pie with ornaments of gold.

From the fact that the King was engaged in his favourite pastime of hunting, we may assume that he was in a fair state of health at the time of the attack. Whether he partook of the meal of lampreys before he started to hunt or after it was over, it is of course impossible to say, but it is probable that, feeling well and fit, he called for a dish of his favourite fish on his return from the sport. This conjecture coincides with the statement that "at his coming home he would needs eat a lamprey."

It is probable that the King, whose appetite would doubtless be sharpened by the exercise, ate heartily of his favourite dish; but that his sudden illness was solely due to his consumption of a large quantity of fish is very unlikely. It is well known that the lamprey, like the mackerel, is a fish that decomposes very rapidly, so it is quite probable that the fish served to the King may have been kept too long and was partly decomposed. Supposing this to have been the case, the sudden attack following the meal can readily be understood.

The only clue to the nature of his illness is the statement that, his stomach being annoyed therewith, he fell into an ague. From this it would appear that the King was suddenly seized with vomiting and, probably, violent pain in the stomach. And what of the ague? An attack of ague would commence with shivering fits followed by fever, which might be also symptomatic of ptomaine poisoning. It is, therefore, most probable that King Henry's death was due to eating lampreys that had become infected by micro-organisms possessing poisonous properties.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Tradition has woven around the death of King John a veil of mystery, and whether he died from the effects of grief, disease, or poison historians fail to agree. The circumstances attending his death are

recounted by several early chroniclers in some detail, but their accounts vary on many points.

The ill-fated journey which ended in the King's death was one of disaster from the beginning. Threatened by foes from without and by the dissensions of his Barons at home, John decided to march with his army through East Anglia, in order to fortify the coast towns against invasion. In fear of losing his regalia, he carried it and other treasure with him, and at length arrived at Lynn.

"Afterward taking his journey toward the North," states a chronicler, "in the water which is called

"but he could scanty on horseback come to the Castle of Newark, in which place the sickness so increased in the space of three or four dayes that he tooke the counsell of his Confessor, and received the sacrament at the hands of the Abbot of Croxton." He died a few days afterwards on Oct. 19, 1216, in Newark Castle.

In reviewing the conflicting accounts given by the early chroniclers, it would appear that the King was first taken ill at Lynn, probably with an attack of dysentery, and on the journey to Swineshead he also contracted a severe attack of ague. The meal of fruit and new cyder, which he is said to have drunk in large quantities, would no doubt aggravate his illness. Though sick and weak he continued his march to Sleaford, and, the fever evidently continuing, it was found necessary to bleed him on his arrival. He attempted to continue his journey, but apparently felt so weak on his arrival at Newark that he at last had to give in. By this time he was probably almost in a state of collapse, and knew the end was near when he received the last rites of the Church.

The tradition that the King's death was due to poison rests on very slender evidence. As far as can be traced it was not committed to writing until 1366, a hundred and fifty years after his death. According to Holinshed the poison was introduced in a dish of pears, referring, no doubt, to the pears eaten by the King at Swineshead, which aggravated the dysentery. The violent stomachic pains and purging that doubtless followed the eating of the fruit probably gave rise to the belief that he had been poisoned.

The story related by Grafton and Speed, of Simon the monk squeezing the juice of a venomous toad into a cup of wine and giving it to the King to drink, must be dismissed as a mere fable, as, although the venom of the toad has long had the reputation of being deadly, there is no species of toad known in this country whose venom would prove fatal to man.

It is true that certain toads secrete two poisonous substances in their parotid glands and skin, called bufotalin and bufonin, which, although they may be poisonous to small animals, have, when swallowed, very little effect on human beings, and may only cause a slight irritation of the mucous membrane. If the King had been given poison at Swineshead Abbey, it is very improbable that he would have been able to resume his journey to Sleaford and from thence travel to Newark, of which there is reliable evidence.

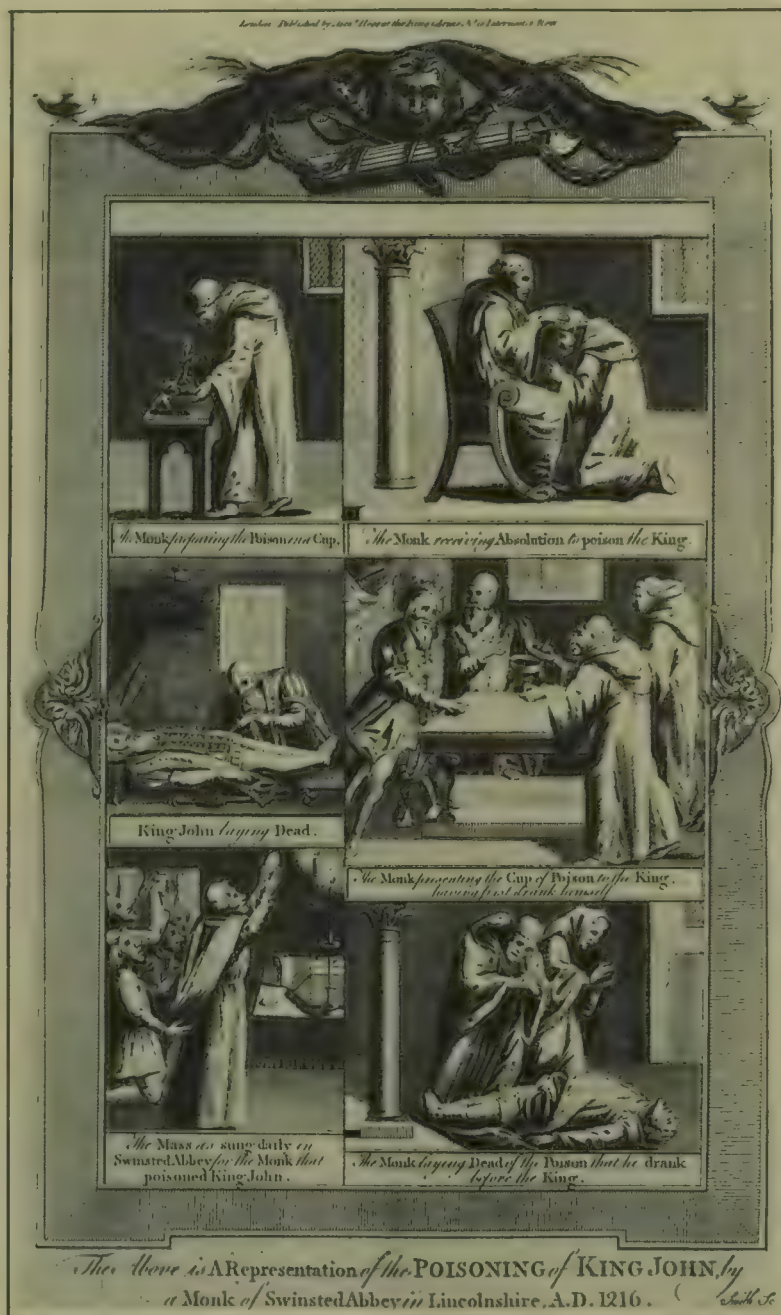
The picturesque story of the poisoning of the King no doubt appealed to the monkish scribes of the Middle Ages, who delighted to illustrate their manuscripts by incidents of the most tragic kind, and this would account for the miniatures that are to be found in several manuscripts in which King John is depicted drinking the poisoned wine. The most likely solution of the mystery of the King's death is, therefore, that, exhausted and weakened by the attack of dysentery and fever contracted on his way to Swineshead, either acute pneumonia or enteritis set in, which speedily ended his life.

WAS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE DROWNED IN MALMSEY WINE?

The picturesque story of the murder of the Duke of Clarence—who, in the year 1478, was said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine at the Tower of London—is open to considerable doubt. That this unfortunate nobleman was done to death in the Tower at his brother's instigation is doubtless true, but that he was killed in the unusual manner of being thrust into a butt of wine is probably a fabulous story purposely circulated by those who compassed his end.

Stowe inclines to the theory of suicide, as he states: "On the 11th of March, after he had offered his owne masse penie in the tower of London, he made his ende in a vessell of Malmesey and was buried at Tewkesburie, by his wife sometime daughter to the

[Continued on page 502.]



"A REPRESENTATION OF THE POISONING OF KING JOHN, BY A MONK OF SWINSTED ABBEY, IN LINCOLNSHIRE, A.D. 1216": A TRADITION BASED ON VERY SLENDER EVIDENCE.

Needless to say, this is a most imaginative set of drawings—published at the King's Arms, Paternoster Row, London. The tradition that King John died of poison rests on very slender evidence. As far as can be traced, it was not committed to writing until 1366.

Millstreme, he lost sodainely all the cartes and chariots with his treasure and precious princely vessels and furniture of his chappell, which hee sette most by, for the earth opened in the midst of the waves on the marshes, and the whirle-pit of the deep so swallowed up both men and horses that none escaped to bring King John tydings. The King with his armie going before, escaped very narrowly, and men saide that night he lay at the Abbey of Swynsted where he remayned two days, and there he tooke such heavynesse of heart for the loss of hys treasure in the Washes that he was taken with an extreme ague and began to be very sore sicke; the pernicious greedie eating of peaches and drinking of newe cidar increased his sicknesse and kindled the heat of the ague the more strongly; notwithstanding in the very breake of the day hee went to the Castle of Sleaford in Lindsey belonging to the Bishop of Lincoln. There he was let blood."

He endeavoured to start on the march next morning,

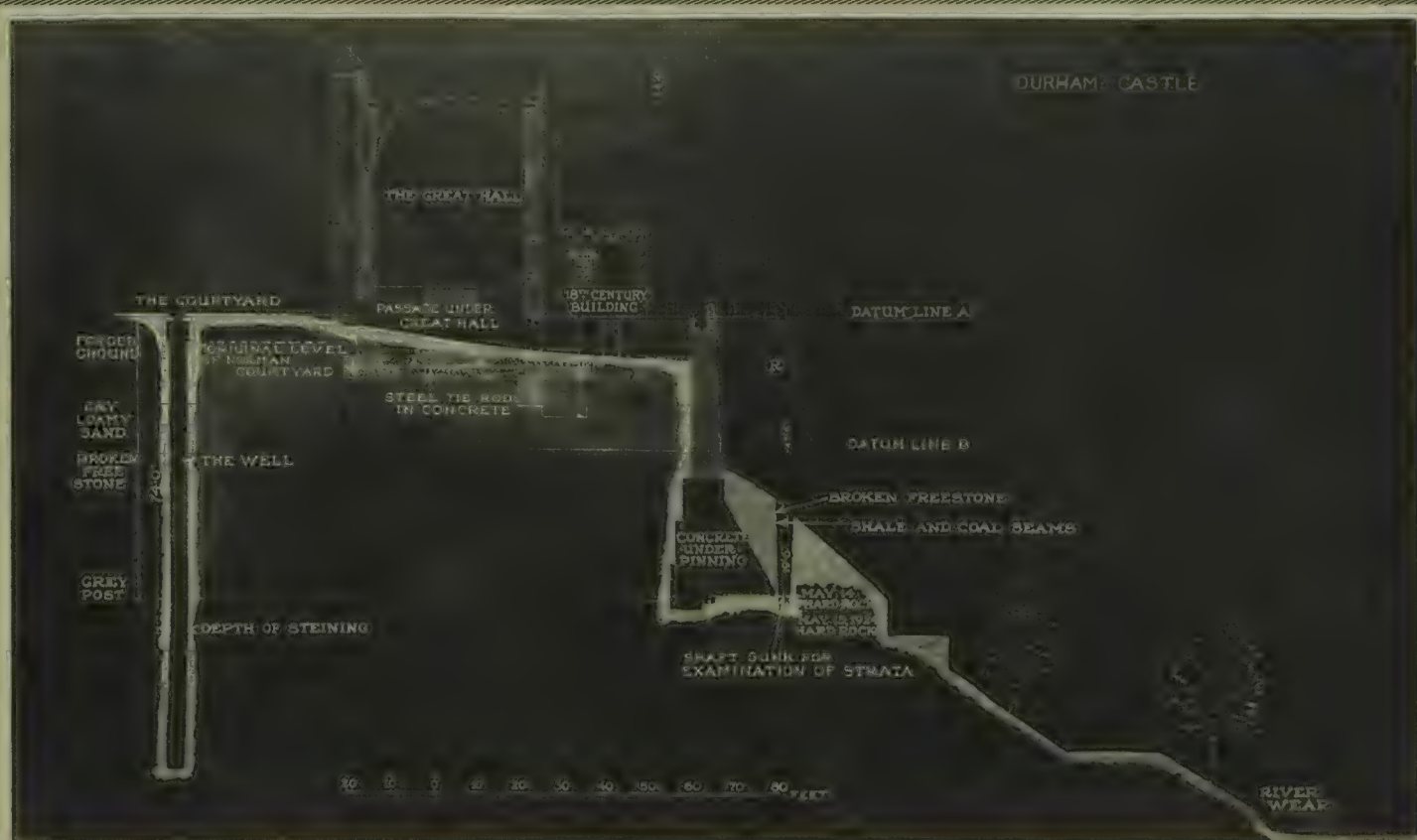
DURHAM CASTLE IN PERIL OF COLLAPSE: A NATIONAL APPEAL FOR £150,000.



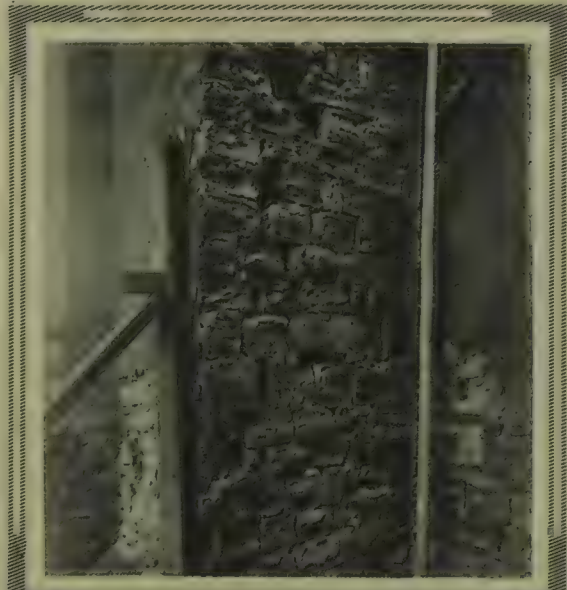
SUCCESSIVELY, THROUGH 900 YEARS, A FORTRESS, EPISCOPAL PALACE, AND UNIVERSITY: DURHAM CASTLE FROM THE WEST—A VIEW SHOWING ITS POSITION ON THE SIDE OF A HILL.

SHOWING THE WALL LEANING TO THE SOUTH, THROUGH SUBSIDENCE OF THE FOUNDATIONS: THE NORMAN GALLERY IN DURHAM CASTLE, A HISTORIC BUILDING OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE AND WORLD-WIDE RENOWN.

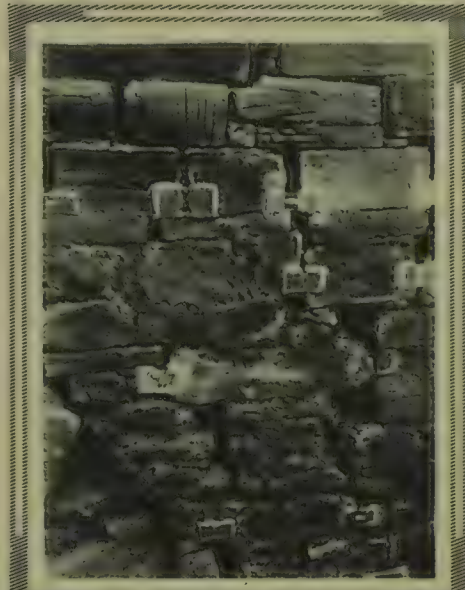
WITH THE PORTION IN MOST IMMINENT DANGER—THE TOWER AND BUTTRESS BUILDINGS, INDICATED BY DOTTED LINES: A SECTIONAL VIEW OF DURHAM CASTLE SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE BORING AND NORMAN WELL IN THE MAIN COURTYARD, THE GREAT HALL, THE WEST COURTYARD, AND THE WEST OUTWORK WALL, WITH CONCRETE UNDER-PINNING BELOW THE LATTER AND (IMMEDIATELY ADJOINING) THE SHAFT SUNK FOR EXAMINATION OF THE STRATA BELOW THE FOUNDATIONS.



A BUTTRESS, WITH STONES BUCKLED AND SHORED UP, ON THE WEST FRONT OF THE GREAT HALL: SINISTER EVIDENCE OF THE DANGER MENACING DURHAM CASTLE.



ANOTHER BUTTRESS AGAINST THE GREAT HALL OF DURHAM CASTLE, WITH TIMBER SUPPORTS SHORING-UP BUCKLED MASONRY: WARNINGS OF COLLAPSE.



WHERE THE DANGER IS GREATEST: THE BASE OF A BUTTRESS (R IN ABOVE SECTION) ON THE BUTTERY BUILDINGS.

Durham Castle, which, with the adjoining Cathedral, forms one of the finest and most historic architectural groups in England, is in imminent danger of collapse. Signs of instability appeared some two years ago, but the peril has lately been found to be far graver than was supposed, owing to the subsidence of the hillside subsoil on which the foundations rest. In order to save this great national monument from destruction, a public appeal has been made for £150,000, which is required immediately to prevent the Castle from falling into the river. In sending us the above sectional drawing, Mr. W. T. Jones, the architect, writes:

"The whole length of the west front has moved. A small portion has been under-pinned as indicated, but the work stopped for want of funds. The portion in most imminent danger is the Buttery and adjacent buildings, but, should a further movement take place on the outworks of the west front, it is almost certain to entail the destruction of the Great Hall and adjoining buildings. The dotted lines indicate the Tower and Buttery buildings, which rest on a projecting mass of shale, cased by the Buttress R. This mass has broken from the hillside about the point A, and has been shored."

"THE LAND OF OUTDOOR LIFE" GAMES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



GOLF IN A DISTRICT DESCRIBED BY MR. AMERY AS "THE SUSSEX OF SOUTH AFRICA": A "GREEN" ON THE LINKS AT GEORGE, IN THE GEORGE KNYSNA AREA OF THE CAPE PROVINCE.



"ON THE GREEN" BESIDE A BAOBAB, OR "CREAM OF TARTAR" TREE: THE GOLF LINKS AT MESSINA, A NORTHERN OUTPOST OF THE UNION NEAR THE LIMPOPO RIVER, THE BOUNDARY OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.



SHOWING THE M.C.C. TEAM (RECENTLY RETURNED) PLAYING IN ONE OF THE TEST MATCHES: THE WANDERERS' GROUND AT JOHANNESBURG SEEN FROM THE AIR, WITH A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, AND MINING DUMPS.



THE "LORD'S" OF SOUTH AFRICA CROWDED FOR A CRICKET MATCH AGAINST THE OLD COUNTRY: THE WANDERERS' GROUND AT JOHANNESBURG DURING ONE OF THE RECENT "TESTS" OF THE M.C.C. TOUR.



THE POPULARITY OF LAWN-TENNIS IN SOUTH AFRICA: PUBLIC COURTS AT BETHLEHEM (A SMALL TOWN IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE) TYPICAL OF SIMILAR GROUNDS IN ALL URBAN CENTRES.

The Union of South Africa has been aptly described as "The Land of Outdoor Life," and the above scenes of some of its sporting facilities bear out the claims of this Dominion to that title. Perhaps the most universal pastimes are tennis, golf, and bowls, and practically every town in the Union is equipped with its sporting clubs. With the prevalence of fine sunny weather throughout the year, most of the inhabitants, both young and old, are keenly interested in outdoor exercise. Some of the golf courses are excellent, though not many of them possess the ordinary greens characteristic of English courses. In the up-country the "greens" are prepared surfaces of fine gravel or sand. Many of the links are picturesquely situated, as, for example, the course at Messina, in the Northern Transvaal, shown above with a large baobab, or "cream of tartar" tree, as a background to one of the greens. The air view of the Wanderers' ground shows one of the Test matches in progress during the recent tour of the M.C.C. team, and also indicates the extent of the city of Johannesburg, with glimpses of the gold-mining industry in the background. Bethlehem, a small town in the Orange Free State, has lawn-tennis courts and a Rugby football ground. Bowls are invariably played on properly prepared greens or lawns, and in the up-country districts these are only maintained at considerable cost. The game has a very keen following throughout South Africa.



WITH ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING FOR NIGHT PLAY: A BOWLING-GREEN IN PRINCES PARK, ONE OF THE SPORTING CLUBS AT BLOEMFONTEIN, CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE PROVINCE.

SOUTH AFRICA

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Special Tours are being organised to South Africa during the European Summer from April to September. This period covers the Southern Winter and offers splendid opportunities for visiting, under ideal weather conditions, the Victoria Falls, the Low Country and vast Game Reserves of the Transvaal, and the delightful coastal areas of Natal, including Durban at the zenith of its Winter season.

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Concessionary rates are granted by the South African Railways for parties of eight or more persons travelling together.

Special steamship excursions at greatly reduced fares are being organised to leave Southampton on 8th June 1928.

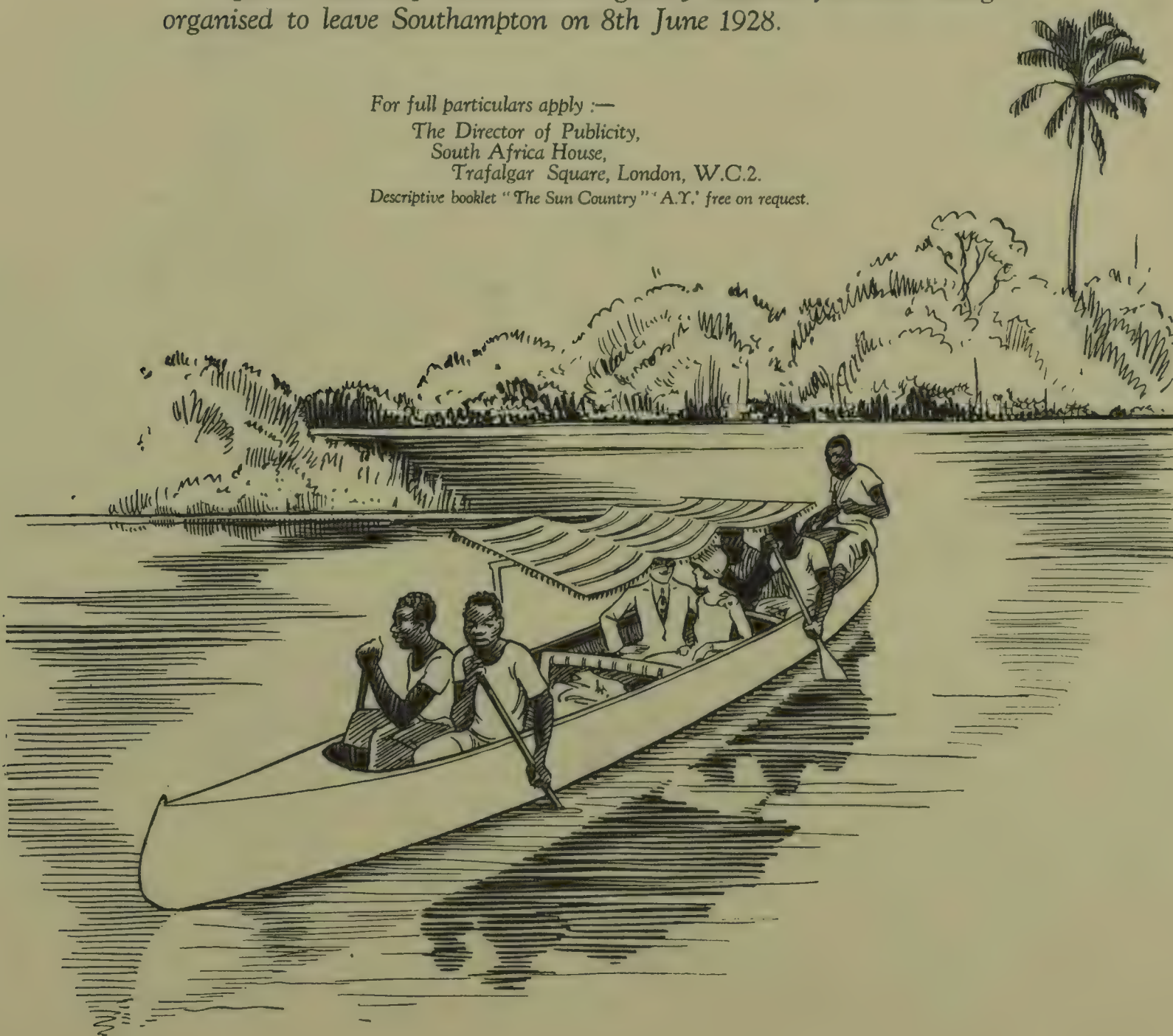
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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TRILOBITE-LARVA.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IT is not so very long ago since the entomologist was regarded as a sort of human freak, exhibited, perhaps, at his best in the "Coleopterist." The "humourist" of those days preferred to describe him in technical terms: they gave point to his joke. It seemed to him incredible that any normal man could be so utterly foolish as to waste his time hunting for beetles. One was therefore quite safe in holding him up to ridicule. Happily, things have changed; the fool of yesterday has become the wise man of to-day. For even humourists have their saner moments, and in one of these it dawned on him that he had made a mistake.

When our ancient buildings show alarming evidences of decay in their timbers, on account of the ravages of beetles, the entomologist is hastily sent for. He came to the rescue during the Great War, when biscuits sent to the Front in hermetically sealed tins were found, when opened, to be reduced to a mass of worm-eaten wreckage, due to the ravages of moth-larvæ. He found out how they got there—and, what is more important, how to prevent them getting there for the future. In a hundred ways the once-despised

entomologist has been found a very present help in time of trouble. Yet it is not altogether satisfactory to reflect that the scorn of earlier days has given place to an attitude of esteem, since this esteem is due rather to the fact that he can be found useful on occasion than because he is a man of science pursuing Knowledge for her own sake.

Over 150,000 species of beetles are now known to science; and of this number only a relative few are inimical to man's interests; many are directly or indirectly of great service to him. But all are worthy of the most careful study, if only because their mode of life, their amazing differences in form and size, coloration, and structure, provide us with material of inestimable value when we contemplate them as living bodies responding in a hundred ways to the conditions imposed by their external environment and the "shifts for a living" which they, in common with all living things, have to make to maintain a place in the sun. The more we understand of the "plasticity" of living bodies as expressed in the infinite variety of forms which we see around us, the deeper the insight we get into the mysteries of life, our own included. The study of entomology is indeed "worth while."

The study of beetles, as with all other living things, demands considerable powers of concentration, analysis, and pertinacity, and the story I am about to tell may serve to emphasise this. It concerns certain remarkable larvæ which, for nigh on a hundred years, have defied all attempts to discover their true relationships. In their general form they are reminiscent of those ancient and long-extinct creatures known as trilobites, and hence from the first they have been known as "trilobite-larvæ." That they were larval beetles of some sort, all were agreed, and of late years there has been a consensus of opinion that they would prove to be related to the "glow-worms."

The late Mr. Shelford, while director of the museum at Sarawak, set himself the task of solving the mystery, for they are extremely common in Borneo. Yet, in spite of strenuous efforts, he failed to achieve his task. He came to the conclusion that they answered to the female stage of some unknown species of beetle which remained permanently in the larval stage, forming a parallel to the case of the axolotl, the Mexican salamander, which for generations may attain to sexual maturity while retaining the larval form.

But now, at long last, the mystery has been solved. A successor of Mr. Shelford in the curatorship of the Sarawak Museum, Mr. Mjöberg, determined to succeed where so many had failed. Finding several species of trilobite-larvæ extremely abundant on the mountain slopes of Sarawak, he collected considerable numbers, and kept them in captivity, feeding them on decaying wood. His captives, he found, grew very slowly, casting no skins for more than six months—for it is only after each skin-moult that these creatures can grow. In all probability, he holds, the larvæ require several years to become full-grown. But so far no adult male had yet been found. The eggs, about a hundred in number, are produced in the last larval stage, which differs from that of earlier stages only in the appearance of reproductive organs.

Having discovered this much, he next set to work to find the male. Knowing that among the moths—as, for example, the Vapourer—males in any number can be induced to come to a cage containing an adult female, Mr. Mjöberg planted out adult female larvæ in cages by the dozen, and in all sorts of likely spots; yet for months without avail. At last, at Kuching, success crowned his efforts: one morning his collectors brought him a male captured with one of his cage

females, and presently three others were added to his spoils—the first known males of this mysterious insect. The male was a typical beetle—that is to say, it had wings and well-developed elytra, or "wing-covers"; whereas in the females not even the smallest rudiments of wings are traceable. But there is a most astonishing disparity in size between the two sexes, the male not exceeding a quarter of an inch, while the female may measure nearly three inches in length. Both sexes of this particular species, *Duliticola paradoxa* (Fig. 1) are black, though the female has whitish tips to the abdominal spine.

Some of these trilobite-larvæ, however, of which the males are as yet unknown, are more lively in their coloration. Specimens of a very large and remarkable type from Mount Muhad, north Sarawak, at an altitude of from 4000 to 7000 feet, were found to be a shining black, with sealing-wax-red tubercles on the hind margins of the first eight abdominal segments of the body (Fig. 4). These were all larvæ; the adult, egg-laying larva was of a yellowish white.

Since no small larvæ of this species have yet been taken, it is surmised



FIG. 1. A SPECIES OF TRILOBITE-LARVA OF WHICH THE MALE HAS AT LAST BEEN DISCOVERED: "DULITICOLA PARADOXA," FROM SARAWAK—THE FEMALE.

Though many species of Trilobite-larvæ are known, in one only has the adult male been found, and this has been accorded the rank of a new genus and species—*Duliticola paradoxa*. The female larva—as with all these "Trilobite-larvæ"—differs from the adult, egg-laying larva only in the lack of certain external organs.



FIG. 2. A CREATURE RESEMBLING THE EXTINCT TRILOBITE, SAVE FOR HAVING THREE "SHIELDS" INSTEAD OF ONE: A SPECIES OF TRILOBITE-LARVA.

These larvæ display considerable diversity of form. In this example the likeness to a trilobite is undoubted, save that in the trilobite there was never more than one laterally expanded shield, which was the head-shield. Here there are three.

that the earliest stages of development are passed within the trunks of decaying trees. When these are found, the male larva may also be discovered, but at present all the larvæ yet found have proved to be females. Trilobite-larvæ have a fairly wide distribution, ranging through Java, Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, Burma, Ceylon, and the Philippines; but always they seem to be confined to damp jungles.

The capture of the male settles the relationship of these strange types. They belong to a group of beetles known as the Lycidæ, near relations of the glow-worms and fire-flies. But they do not share with their relatives the gift of luminosity. All the other members of the Lycidæ, however, attain to the final winged stage, and their larvæ are carnivorous, whereas the trilobite-larvæ live entirely on the juices to be obtained from decaying wood.

It is to be noted, however, that the females of the glow-worms are, at any rate in some species, wingless, as in our own glow-worm. The trilobite-larvæ, then, seem to have degenerated a stage further, so that now the females retain throughout life the larval form.



FIG. 3. WITH THE THREE ANTERIOR "SHIELDS" (INTO WHICH THE HEAD IS WITHDRAWN WHEN TOUCHED) MUCH SMALLER THAN USUAL: A SPECIES OF TRILOBITE-LARVA.

The three anterior shields in this species are much less developed than in the typical "Trilobite" form, which seems to be a low-land form. All these larvæ, when handled, withdraw the head into the head-shield, and exude a milky-white fluid from the segments of the body and the leg-joints. This juice probably has an acrid taste, and so serves to protect them from their enemies.



FIG. 4. A TRILOBITE LARVA OF LIVELIER COLORATION THAN USUAL: A SPECIES FROM SARAWAK—GLOSSY BLACK WITH TUBERCLES OF SEALING-WAX RED.

The coloration is generally almost or quite black. In this species it is glossy black with sealing-wax red tubercles on the hinder margins of the first eight body-segments. This is a "warning coloration."



Silent dogs—and a human pack in cry... "Threes the field!... Three to one bar one!... Six to four First Chance!... Look at the hare... they're off!... White Hope!... come on Donegal Boy... come on... now, cut in... he's... no... yes... Oh, Donegal Boy... Let's go again next week."

IS THE WORLD PROGRESSING?

(Continued from Page 474.)

ladies who travel a great deal found herself one day in one of the great capitals of Europe, where she visited a dressmaker to order herself a dress. Suddenly she wondered whether she were not the victim of an hallucination; she thought she had recognised in one of the young women employed in the establishment a young girl who belonged to a rich and important family, whom she had known in another capital. Was this so, or was it a case of a remarkable likeness? The lady hesitated a little; then she could no longer resist her curiosity. "Are you not Mlle. X?" she asked her. "I think so," replied the other, much confused.

This rich young lady had also wanted to earn her own bread, like a working girl! This is an exceptional case; but it proves to what an extent work has come to be considered a duty by our lazy human nature, which had hitherto always looked upon it, as all languages prove, to be a particular form of suffering. The East, with its ancient traditions, had resisted up to the present; but it, also, has begun to capitulate to Western ideas. Europe and America are infecting Asia and Africa with the contagion of work.

A great moral transformation has followed this generalisation of work as a duty. Rich and poor have been brought together by a deeper sentiment of their moral equality. The masses have gained a clearer insight into their rights and duties, a higher sense of their own dignity, and a new desire for autonomy. The rich have lost their conviction of being a superior race and the pretension of being obeyed without discussion, which they still held in the old aristocratic régimes. And this assimilation has made possible that softening of the relations between classes which is known as a liberal régime. In all social life it has become possible to replace the old coercive system of absolute authority by methods of discussion and persuasion, because the general habit of work has given to the moneyed classes the capacity of discussion, and made the masses susceptible to voluntary discipline. With the habit of work, liberty, and ease, far more order has entered into private and public life. From top to bottom the sense of personal responsibility has greatly increased, because everyone knows what the consequences of any kind of excess will be.

In general it may rightly be asserted that, despite certain weak points, work has, during the past century, renovated the world. But there is a reverse to this medal also. The ascetic virtues are disappearing in the immense workshop of this new world. In old days the man who was ready to renounce the joys of life, the splendours and privileges of power, to devote himself to the good of his fellows, was much admired. Society rendered homage in different ways to his heroic renunciations, which proved to human nature its own strength of abnegation and sacrifice. Sainthood was the highest among the official glorifications of asceticism. But saints are becoming ever rarer in our day. We still willingly read their biographies, but we read them in the same way as we peruse books on things which are far away or have disappeared. We seek in literature what we know we shall no longer find in life. Now what

did the disappearance of the saints signify? There is no doubt about it—it was the decline of the ascetic spirit.

A sceptic might say that there are no longer saints and that the ascetic spirit is declining because our epoch no longer needs them. Just because in our day there is so much more balance and order in human nature, those abnegations of which the saints were the almost superhuman models are no longer necessary. But that point of view seems a little too simple. On all sides there are complaints that the new generations, in haste to earn money, forsake the pursuit of the pure sciences—those which work for the increase not of riches, but of knowledge. The desire to earn money also exercises a bad influence on art. The perfection of a work of art or of literature stands in no kind of intrinsic relation to the profits which it may bring to its author. That explains why so many artists and writers of to-day sacrifice perfection to immediate results. Why does recruiting become daily more difficult for certain careers, such as the Army, the Church, and the more modest public appointments? Because they oblige those who embark on them without a private fortune to live more modestly.

In order that intellectual activities may flourish and that all the civil and religious institutions of an old civilisation shall be able to find a sufficient number of well-prepared candidates to fill their vacancies, it is necessary that a certain number of persons shall give up the thought of what they might have earned in more lucrative professions, in order to do the more useful social work, or that which is on a higher intellectual plane. But such renunciations are only possible if the ascetic spirit keeps a certain hold upon society. The decadence of the ascetic virtues is a danger even for our epoch, for we also stand in need of them to carry out the disinterested activities which are necessary in all superior civilisations.

Therein appears to lie the hidden weakness of our epoch. All the active virtues have been developed under the excitement of the passion for gain. The world works always with increasing ardour because its needs increase, and in order to satisfy them more and more money is always required. But, as the need for money becomes daily more tyrannical, those activities whose gains are subordinated to superior ends are forsaken.

The pessimism which co-exists with optimism in so strange a way in our minds seems to spring from this weakness. It is, in fact, the confused consciousness of the existence of an evil of whose presence we are aware without being able to explain to ourselves what its nature is or where its danger lies. We feel that something is missing of which we have need; and we are irritated with ourselves because we do not know exactly what is making us suffer.

It is evident that this obscure anxiety is justified. Every kind of social devotion would end by being destroyed in a society where the only form of recompense was immediate gain. But that discontent with ourselves which torments us in the midst of our greatness and our triumphs is a favourable sign. What is fundamentally necessary is to establish a balance between the two kinds of virtues, the active and the ascetic, so that they should mutually

limit each other and prevent excesses. Although the task is a difficult one, it ought not to be impossible for a civilisation as supple and varied as ours. It is only a question of will; and the pessimistic discontent which torments us seems indeed to be the first manifestation of that will in process of formation.

MYSTERIES OF HISTORY.

(Continued from Page 496.)

Earl of Warwick, which being with child, died of poison but a little before him."

Malmsey, or Malvesie, so long associated with the name of the ill-fated Clarence, was a sweet wine that was first imported into England in the thirteenth century, when its average price was about fifty shillings a butt. It attained its greatest popularity in the fifteenth century, and at that period was imported from Candia. That he had a special liking for this wine is very probable, judging from the fact that in one of the ordinances for the household of George, Duke of Clarence, made on Dec. 9, 1469, the sum of twenty pounds was allowed for the purveying of "Malvesie and other sweete wyne."

Whatever may have been the actual cause of the quarrel between Clarence and his brothers, it is evident that the King, probably at Gloucester's instigation, was determined to remove him from his path. An excuse for his arrest was speedily found and he was committed to the Tower. Once safely out of the way his enemies seemingly resolved to wipe out his family, for his wife, who was enceinte at the time, was deliberately poisoned, and buried at Tewkesbury. The Parliament, ready to acquiesce in the King's wishes, soon adjudged the Duke guilty of treason, but it was apparently not intended that his head should fall on the block. It seems as if his enemies sought to find a more refined method of taking his life, and so it was publicly announced that he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey; then, says the chronicler, he was "laid on his bed to make the people believe that he had died from discontent."

Apart from the improbability that the Duke would be forcibly thrust head downwards in a cask of wine when so many easier methods of taking his life were at hand, the fact recorded by the chronicler that he was "laid on his bed" gives colour to the conjecture that he was secretly poisoned as his wife had been. It is very probable that the poison was placed in a cup of his favourite Malmsey which he was made to swallow. This may have accounted for the report spread about that he was killed by the medium of Malmsey wine.

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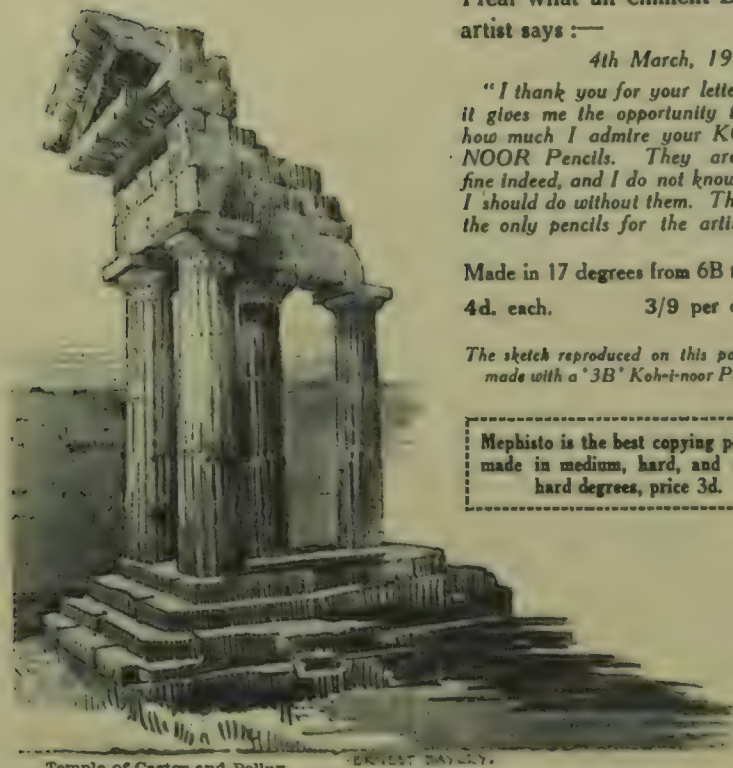
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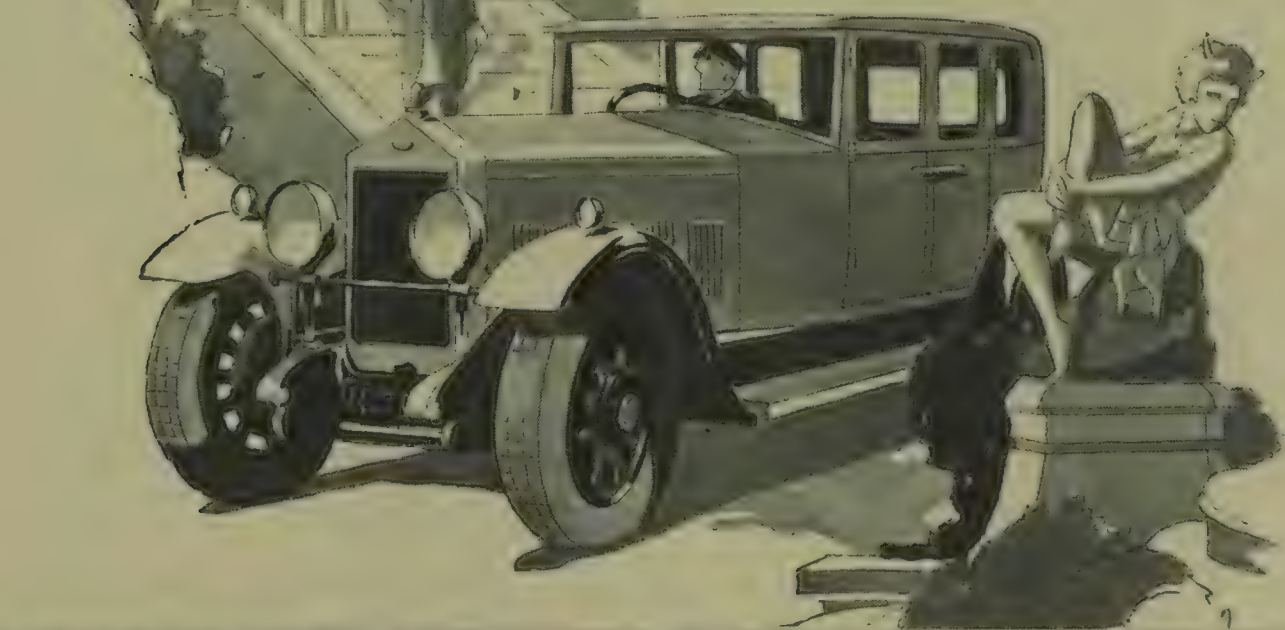
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At the Dress Shows.

It has been a week of never-ending dress shows. You began at

eleven in the morning, and continued looking at frocks for more than eight hours, with but a few moments' respite. The fashions are at last really interesting. More than that, they are delightfully frivolous with their flutes, frills, and flounces bunched to one side or an amusing bustle-bow balancing precariously on one hip. Afternoon frocks are undoubtedly the most decorative. Printed crêpe-de-Chines and plain reversible satins are made with shoulder-yokes, pouched bodices, and the skirts in tiers of scallops and flutes. A Patou model is in green crêpe-de-Chine printed with a tiny leaf design, and the skirt has a circular wrap-over of fluted frills both front and back. Green, by the way, is a very fashionable colour. There are curious new shades which are called "lizard" and "green lemon," soft, elusive tints which are exquisite worn by the right person. There are several georgette race ensembles in these colours, with long coats and pleated frocks, the only adornment being a small bouquet of hydrangeas at the waist or below one shoulder. Yellow is very smart for sports suits and summer modes. Three shades of it, pale primrose, lemon, and vivid marigold, are often allied in one jumper suit, with the skirt in the darker tone, and the jumper combining all three.

The Triumph of Pyjamas.

For many seasons now, the pyjama smoking-suit has made tentative

efforts to become an important member of fashionable society. But very few people took them seriously, and one or two were shown more as a matter of form. Since the enormous popularity of the Lido and the summer Riviera, however, these suits have assumed a double rôle, which makes them really useful. In the summer they



This lovely spring bride and her attendant were dressed by Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. The wedding dress is of white net and silver lace over pink satin, lightly embroidered in silver and crystal; while the bridesmaid wears many frills of coffee-coloured lace over pale satin.

can be worn on the shore, and consequently every dress parade showed almost as many pyjamas as frocks. The majority are in satin, with long tight trousers, and Japanese coolie coats, wonderfully embroidered. One very startling affair was a real Spanish troubadour costume, with a voluminous black cloak and wide black felt hat. Appliquéd flowers and wonderful embroideries seem to have fled from evening frocks to these fascinating costumes, which are designed for such pleasant purposes—the cocktail hour, the before-dinner siesta, and sunlit mornings on the beach.

Evening Frocks with Fish-Tails.

There is certainly a decided suggestion of the fish-tail about the newest evening frocks.

Not one has an even hem. Sometimes the dip is at the back, and sometimes at one side. In the very full skirts, the line is soft and feminine, but even smarter, I think, are the straight, narrow dresses which have a square panel one side, suddenly dipping to the ankle. There is a lovely little black lace frock like this, consisting of flat tiers of lace, with a long fish-tail point at one side. Coloured lace is also to be seen quite a lot, chiefly in shades of green and pink, and black is also smart. White, on the other hand, seems to be suffering a temporary eclipse, except in the case of wedding dresses, from which colours are definitely banished for spring and summer brides. One bridal dress, made by a very famous designer, is in white georgette, absolutely plain, with many fluted, pointed draperies on the skirt. The sole adornment appears at the top of the train, which is also of georgette, in the form of light crystal embroideries. Another very lovely bridal dress is the one pictured here. On ordinary evening dresses, from the majority beads are conspicuous by their absence, and the plainer the frock the more elaborate is the line and the greater its distinction amongst the real élite.

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NEW COACHWORK.—THE BIG HUMBER.

THERE is one point about the car market to-day which strikes those who have experience, and that is that there is such a wide choice of coachwork standardised by most firms, especially in this country. For the past few years we have grown accustomed to being offered a choice of two-seaters, four-seaters, saloons, and occasionally coupés, for not too much money, but it is only within the last twelve months that almost every known type of carriage-work has found a place in the majority of catalogues.

On cars whose chassis cost between £200 and £300 there is practically every sort of body to be had which has been so far designed. I am not speaking at the moment of the expensive cars costing £1000 or more, because it is your bare right to be able to have anything you want when you are drawing cheques to those amounts; I am thinking more particularly of the newcomer to the game about whose perplexities I wrote some notes the other day on the general choice of a car. When your rather impoverished novice comes to consider the sort of body he wants for the car which has got to last him, let us say, three years, he should find his path made very smooth.

THE SMALL SALOON.

The small saloon, although in my opinion its popularity is still hanging in the balance, being gravely threatened by the coming proper development of the all-weather car, has improved out of all knowledge within the past twelve months. It still has the disabilities of its kind in that no really small saloon can ever be anything but a small saloon—that is, not a car in which you can comfortably

spend a long day if there are more than three of you. Yet leg-room has been increased, so far as I can see, to its limit. Doors and windows are better constructed, and to quite a considerable extent those murderous draughts have been dealt with. The cheap saloon in most cases is quite a decent carriage.

Coupés, two-seaters and four-seaters, with properly designed weather protection, have all improved in much the same ratio, and it is the exception rather

than the rule to-day to find any given example of these deserving of severe criticism. The sunshine saloon takes a variety of forms, but, to my mind, the principal point of interest about it is that it can be obtained in a practical form as a complete car for something like £300, or less, as against the

£400 or more which the original models cost for the mere coachwork alone only a year or two ago.

I had intended tentatively to offer some poor counsel to the novice about to choose the coachwork of his new car, but now I come to look over my notes, taken during six months' road trials of all the latest types of cars, I see clearly that it is merely a matter of personal taste. A novice may buy the wrong sort of body for the purpose for which he intends it, but he won't find it easy to buy a body which is a really bad one.



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The latest model of the 20-55-h.p., £21 tax six-cylinder Humber is a very good example of what might be called a luxury car for a man of moderate means. It has a well-designed, very smooth-running engine of three-litre capacity, which gives it a maximum speed of about sixty miles an hour, and on the long chassis can be mounted various kinds of coachwork, including the seven-seated fabric limousine selling at £875, which was the type I tried. The bore and stroke of the engine are 75 by 116, and in general it follows the long-established Humber practice. The inlet valves are of the overhead type, operated by push-rods and rockers, while the exhaust are of the side-by-side type. The engine is very neatly turned out, as is all Humber work, and accessibility is a marked feature.

There is a four-speed gear-box controlled from the right-hand side, which gives you extremely easy gear change. The intermediate gears are not particularly quiet, but the noise they make is not excessive. Suspension is by semi-elliptics to both axles, assisted by a full set of shock-absorbers. The wheel-base is in two lengths, 10 ft. 6 in. and 10 ft. 9 in., so that there is any amount of room for a really commodious body.

[Continued overleaf.]



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Continued.

As I said, I regard this car essentially as a moderate-priced luxury car. It is not particularly fast or particularly powerful, but its behaviour is that of a really high-class machine. For example, the engine runs as quietly as any I have ever heard. At fifty miles an hour the sounds from the bonnet are scarcely noticeable above the noise of the wind against the body, and when the car is standing still, with the engine running, it is to all intents and purposes inaudible.

Then the brakes deserve a special word of praise. They are of the vacuum-assisted type, and, besides being unusually powerful, are really smooth and progressive in operation. So light is the effort required to slow the car down from high speeds that it is as well to use a little caution at first. Not that you are likely to do any damage, but you are likely to stop or slow the car sooner than you intended to do. The steering is light and steady, and at all times you have a very reassuring measure of control over the car.

I find it difficult to point to any drawback of importance in this thoroughly sound motor-car. It is obviously the result of long and patient research and experiment, and is, I should imagine, the sort of car which should maintain its high standard of performance for a very long time. No doubt details here and there will not attract every type of buyer, but I have yet to meet the car of which that could not be said.

The particular car that I tried, the seven-seated fabric limousine, was noticeable for its comfortable upholstery. The glass partition between the front and closed compartments has a neat arrangement for raising and lowering it, and all the window-work in general is well done.

The drawback to most saloons of the fabric type is that, owing to there being no windows aft of the doors, the interior is apt to be dark. On this large Humber, however, the lighting struck me as particularly good; not so good, of course, as in a six-light saloon, but still noticeably better than in most of this type.

The other examples of this model, it may be of interest to add, include the five-seated tourer, which is priced at £635 and £675, the seven-seated landaulette at £935, and the five-seated coach-built saloon at £890.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

EDGAR WALLACE IN NEW MOOD
AT THE APOLLO.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE has accomplished the feat of writing a play about crime in which none of the characters loses his life. Murder has been done—indeed, several murders have been done—before the curtain rises, in the distant past, and the problem is whether the husband in the story we watch is or is not the murderer. Is he your "still waters" sort of husband playing the more or less legitimate game of watch and pounce on his young wife and her lover; or is he a man who has already killed in such circumstances and may kill again? It is a desperate problem for the pair concerned. He knows of their relationship—not a guilty one—and holds his hand. They, turning through his desk, have come across a document which shows him to have changed his name and seems to identify him with a series of murders. An old lawyer, known to the husband, secured the murderer's acquittal. The chain of evidence looks complete; for wife and lover, with nerves on edge, every trivial happening suggests a murder plot. If the man is offered a glass of whisky, he is afraid it is poisoned; if the rails on the wife's balcony give way or she trips over something in the garden, she suspects her husband of having homicidal intentions. The limit is reached when the lawyer appears at the window with coat and shirt-front stained red. It is all very good fun, this "Man Who Changed His Name," though Mr. Wallace is merely giving us variations on a single theme, and such a part as that of the "strong, silent" husband is mere child's play to Mr. Robert Loraine. Mr. Clive Currie's K.C. is a droll sketch, and Miss Dorothy Dickson passes from musical comedy to "straight" drama with the usual success of musical-comedy actresses.

"LUMBER LOVE," AT THE LYCEUM.

The best thing that could happen to the new British musical comedy, "Lumber Love," would be for it to have half its story hacked away. Then its brilliantly finished dancing, its lively duets and telling choruses, its admirable interludes of fun would not seem such oases as they seem now in a wilderness of plot. All the fuss about a cheque which should have been stopped, all the sentimental quarrels of

hero and heroine, were not worth the trouble spent on them by Mr. Leslie Stiles, the librettist, and the lumber camp scene of the second act is far too long. But the dancing of the Plaza Tiller Girls, at once so magnetic and so wonderfully drilled, cannot be praised too highly; and the male chorus make only less of a hit when they advance to the footlights and send their voices ringing through the house as they sing about "Rolling the Logs." The audience also took to Miss Joan Lockton, who can act, can dance pleasantly, and can sing well when she does not force her voice, and has what one of Sir James Barrie's heroines confessed she lacked—"char-r-r-m." Then, too, Mr. Fred Kitchen has plenty of good low-comedy moments. Mr. Basil Howes does wonders with a dual-personality rôle; and Miss Mai Bacon, of whom we see too little, is constantly sprightly; while Mr. Jamieson Dodds cuts a gallant figure as the lumber-jack and is an attractive vocalist. "Lumber Love," it will be seen, has the makings of a success in it; but, if it is to be a success, the axe must be used ruthlessly on its story.

"THE MONSTER," AT THE STRAND.

The latest American importation, "The Monster," is a play of thrills and horrors, as might be expected, and, in the jargon appropriate to its place of origin, has all other pieces of its type "beaten to a frazzle." Yet it only achieves that result by heaping together transpontine devices not altogether unfamiliar to our own stage. Here we have Sweeney Todd's apparatus employed by a mad doctor with a passion for vivisectioning such unfortunate human beings as enter his doors. In a bed-chamber made stifling with drugs there is a bedstead that shuts on its occupant, and a divan that drops its load into a vault. In the vault a death-chair is a prominent object, and bodies are scattered about. Motorists, including a girl, come up against these ghoulish properties as the result of an accident outside the "monster's" den; and some of its inhabitants—a negro without a tongue, for instance, and a man without a face—match the properties. The demon vivisectioner is played with gentle malignity by Mr. C. V. France; and other members of a good cast are Mr. George Relph, Miss Jane Welsh, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn. The actors resist the temptation of burlesque, but not many touches would be needed to turn the nightmare into a farce.

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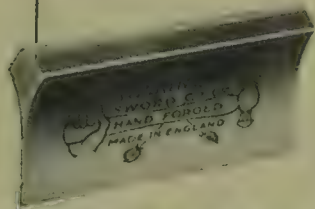
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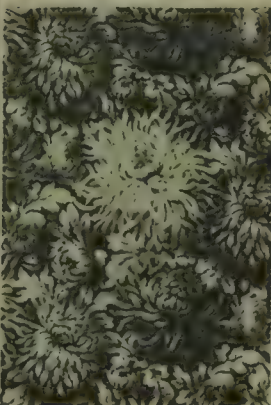
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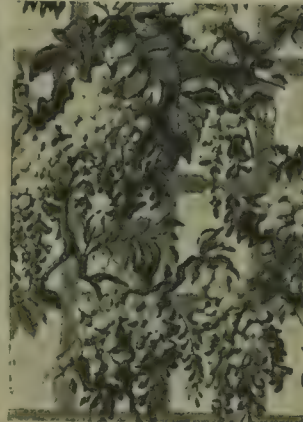
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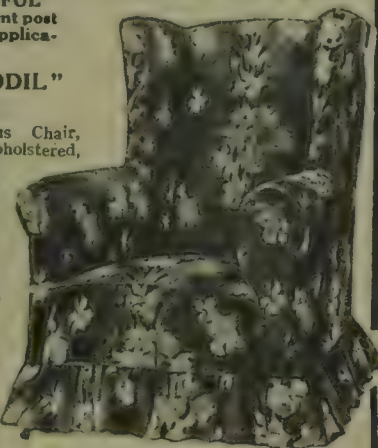
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ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

X.—SPRING CLEANING.

SPRING CLEANING is really a confession of one's failure—in part, at least—to hold one's own in the daily fight with dust. Dust is a constituent of our atmosphere, always present in some degree, and always settling, settling, settling on our furniture, floors and walls, and even penetrating the most minute crevices in cupboards and bookcases. The supply is maintained by the burning of fuel, by the friction of traffic, and a thousand daily occupations, and even by the brushing of minute cells from the human skin.

As the months go by, the dust accumulates, until a grand assault is ordered. To do the job thoroughly, each room has to be gutted, its carpets sent away to be cleaned, its upholstery taken out on the lawn and beaten until the clouds of dust darken the sky, its bookcases and cupboards emptied and their contents cleaned in detail, and all the corners and crevices attacked by broom, duster, or scrubbing-brush. After an interval of chaos, order is restored—and the dust proceeds to gather as before. Such a performance is, of course, frankly barbaric. It means that the house is clean for only a week or two out of the fifty-two, and no more than superficially clean for the rest of the time. It means that without some efficient method of getting at the hidden dust in a room at any time, and without disturbing the furniture, our homes are never really sanitary.

There is only one method which meets the case—the method of suction; and the most convenient way of applying it is by electricity. An electric suction-cleaner is essentially a "turbine" driven by electricity, so as to draw a strong current of air through a nozzle and discharge it into a bag or other receptacle which traps any dust carried with the current. By the use of different types of nozzle and different forms of flexible connector between the nozzle and the machine itself, we may apply the suction to a variety of objects—carpets, curtains, upholstery, bedding, bookcases, picture-rails, cornices, and so on. A simple adjustment substitutes

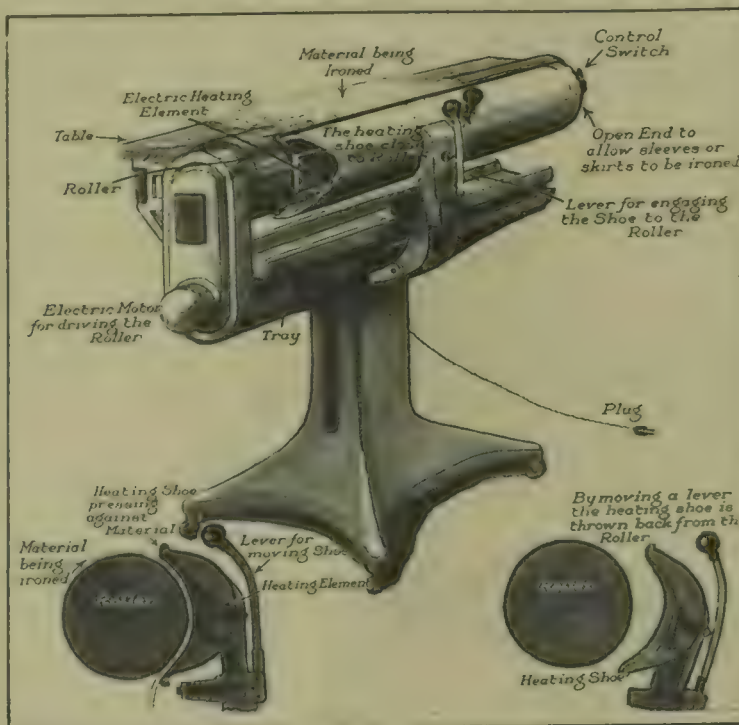
a blowing action for suction, enabling the user to concentrate a stream of air into any odd corner, so as to rout out all the hidden dust.

Using an appliance of this kind with all its accessories, it is possible to spring-clean a room, except so far as actual washing is involved, without disturbing the furniture. The first step is to use the blowing-tool—a flat nozzle connected by a length

of rubber tubing to the machine. When this tool is passed under furniture, behind books in a case, along picture-rails, behind pictures, over the top of book-cases and cupboards, along curtain poles and elsewhere, the dust which is generally out of reach is loosened and dispersed. In a bedroom it clears the dust out of the springs of bedsteads, and thoroughly aerates the corners of wardrobes and hanging cupboards.

All this may be done without seriously disturbing any of the furniture. It forms an effective preliminary to the removal of the dust hidden in carpets and upholstery. The extraction of that dust thoroughly without removing the carpet can be accomplished in only one way—by suction. The action of the electric suction-cleaner is more efficient than that of beating, however vigorous and prolonged. Repeated experiments have proved that an electric cleaner will remove piles of black dust from a carpet "cleaned" in the ancient way. Moreover, microscopic examination of the fabric after ordinary cleaning and after electric cleaning shows that suction, properly applied, removes not only dust, but germs as well.

After the carpet is cleaned, one proceeds to the upholstery and cushions, for which there are various small special tools, some provided with brushes. The action of drawing air through hair, flock, or feathers is far more cleansing than beating, and is not in the least destructive. Curtains can be cleaned in a similar fashion, light extension-rods and lengths of rubber tubing being provided to enable the most out-of-the-way parts to be reached. Edges, picture-rails, and cornices may be dealt with by using the brush tool which loosens the dust and draws it into the bag of the machine. With a little ingenuity, every part of a room may be so treated that no dust remains. The whole process takes only a fraction of the time demanded by the old-fashioned method, while there is no comparison on the score of convenience and labour-saving. So simple and so quick is the electric system that it may readily be applied at frequent intervals during the year, so as to keep a room almost constantly at the highest standard of cleanliness. PROTONIUS.



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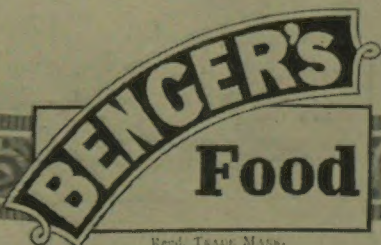
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

We give a game from the Middlesex County Championship of this season. We shall hope later on to publish a game showing the loser to better advantage, as we regard him as one of the most promising among our younger players, and a very likely future winner of the British Championship.

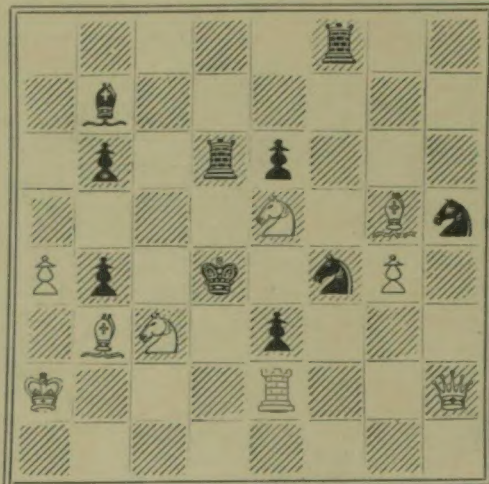
(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (W. Winter)	BLACK (W. H. Watts)	WHITE (W. Winter)	BLACK (W. H. Watts)
1. PQ1	PQ1	20. Kt×R	R×Kt
2. PQB4	PR3	21. BKt3	
3. KtQB3	PQB3		
4. P×P			
This capture frees Black's game; PK4 or KtB3 is better.			
4. KP×P			
5. KtB3	BQ3		
6. BKt5	PB3		
7. BR4	QKt3		
The interest in this game lies in Black's effort to snatch the QKtP and get away unscathed. His success on this occasion should not be taken as a fire insurance!			
8. QB2	KtK2		
8. — BKB4 is more spectacular, but not so safe.			
9. PK3	KtR3		
10. PQK3	BKB4		
11. BQ3	B×B		
12. Q×B	Q×KtP		
13. O—O	QKt3		
14. PK4	O—O		
Now follows the reprisal. Black must disgorge (by 17. QR4) or lose the exchange.			
15. PK5	P×P		
16. P×P	BB4		
17. QRKt1	QB2		
18. KtKKt5	KtKt3		
19. KtK6	Q×P		
The Black Pawns must now win easily, owing to the Bishop's pressure on the King's side.			
20. R×P			
21. QR6	QKt		
White resigns.			

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4017 received from R E Broughall Woods (Kasempa); of No. 4019 from R B Cooke (Portland, Maine), A B Kelley Jr., C P Kindleberger (Kent, Conn.), J S Almeida (Bom-bay), and Victor Holtan (Oshkosh); of No. 4020 from Leading Seaman W Mettyear (H.M.S. Winchelsea), Victor Holtan (Oshkosh), T Glanville (London), Senex (Darwen), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), J M K Lupton (Richmond), J H Richards (Brighton), M Heath (London), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), A B Kelley Jr.,

and E P Kindleberger (Kent, Conn.); of No. 4021 from Mrs. Rodger (Rutherglen), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), G H Havercroft (Birmingham), Senex (Darwen), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), J T Bridge (Colchester), G H Loman, J Owen, W J Leonard A Kemp (Saltley College, Birmingham), Fr. Fix (Birkenfeld), T Glanville (London), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), H Richards, (Brighton), C Stainer, M Heath (London), and A Edmeston (Llandudno); and of No. 4022 from A Edmeston (Llandudno), P J Wood (Wakefield), R B N (Hardwicke), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), L W Cafferata (Newark), E J Gibbs (London), and C Stainer (London).

PROBLEM No. 4023.—By CHARLES H. BATTEY (Providence, U.S.A.).
BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 5r2; 1b6; 1p1r3; 4Kt1Bkt; Pp1rktPr; 1BKt1p3; K3R2Q; 5.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Solvers are requested to send, in addition to the key-move, all White's second moves that are forced by the various Black defences.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M HEATH (London), and others.—The price of the Alekhin-Capablanca book (Printing-Craft, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C.1) is 3s.

Fr. Fix (Birkenfeld, Germany).—In Problem No. 4020, Mr. Boswell has provided against the move you suggest (R on B sq to B3) by BQ8.

COMANDANTE FERNANDO MELENDEZ (Guardacostas Vad-Lucus).—PK4 is the "preventive" against Kt(K6)B5 in No. 4021.

HOWARD G DENNES (British Club, Barcelona).—Problem No. 4015 (Philip Martin) [5, 8, 8, 1Kt6, 8, pKt5, 1p2K2Q, 1k6] is solved by QKt8, after which the Kt on Kt5 mates at R3 or B3. You probably forgot that the black pawns were southward-bound!

A B KELLEY and C P KINDLEBERGER.—We have sent your letter to Mr. Brian Harley. We agree that it was a fascinating tangle, and should be very pleased to get more of the same quality.

J MONTGOMERIE (Edinburgh).—Both problems are spoiled by their keys. There must be subtlety in the strategy of a problem, and to bring up a "quiet" Rook or Bishop to a square where it threatens a disclosed check savours too much of the bludgeon. A "thematic" problem is one that embodies a definite idea, and all its variations and defences should bear some relation to that idea. Such, for instance, is No. 4020.

R B COOKE (Portland, Maine).—Judging from the number of incorrect solutions received, the key-move of No. 4019 cannot have been "obvious" to all! Did you not find the variations with the disclosures and pin-mates interesting?

M B HILLS (Haverhill, Mass.).—See reply to J. Montgomerie. If you find in the I.L.N. a problem with a disclosed check as a key, we shall be very surprised—and penitent! To 1. KtR4 (dis. ch), try the defence QB4 again.

CARL G BROWN (Ancon, C.Z.).—We like your little two-mover, and shall publish it next month.

P J WOOD (Wakefield).—Your letters do not waste our time, and we hope you will send along more of your compositions.

H BOSSONS (Newcastle, Staffs.).—In the position you kindly submit, after 1. KtB2, PQ8(Kt) check!—how does White continue?

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—Your letter, which we have before us, very distinctly gives K×B as the solution of No. 1 "Bonbon." We willingly give you credit for the correct solution, accepting your explanation of the slip of the pen. No. 6 is solved by KtQB6, as many correspondents discovered!

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4021.—By T. C. EVANS.

[8; 7p; 3pKtQpp; 1P1k3P; 1p2p2; 1P1Kt1P1K; 8; 8. In 2 moves.

Key-move: Kt [Q3] B5 (Sd3-c5).

If 1. — P×Kt (self-block), 2. KtB7; if 1. — PKt4 or P×P, 2. QB5; if 1. — RQ5, 2. Q×R; if 1. — R×Kt (self-block), 2. Kt×P; and if 1. — RK5, 2. P×R.

This little "mutate" by the Chess Editor of the *Brixton Free Press* has given much pleasure to our solvers; and, though it seems simple, several correspondents have gone astray by moving the wrong Knight to QB5, to which Black replies RKt6! The original position is a complete block—that is to say, if Black had to move first, White could mate on the move. By the key-move, the mates are changed after various moves of the Black Rook—hence the term "mutate."

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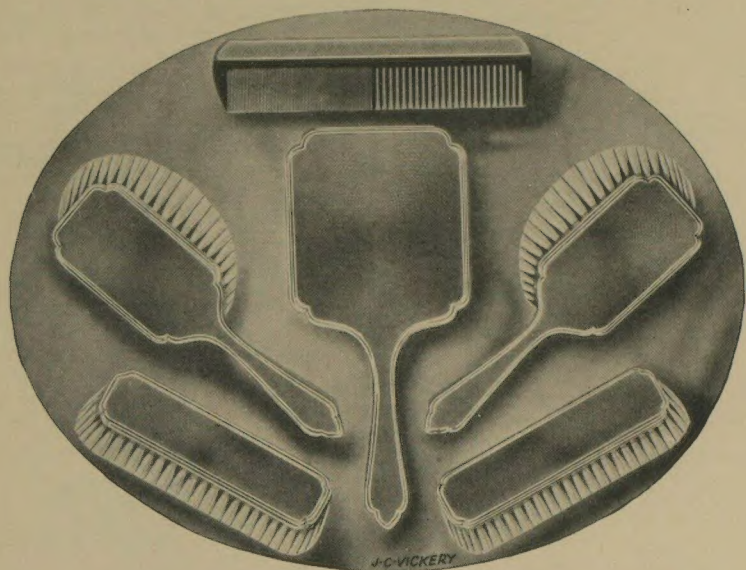
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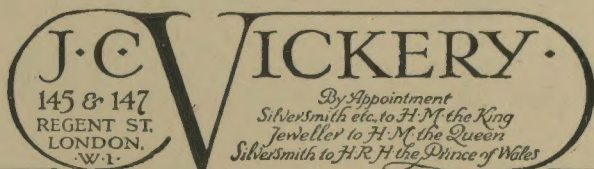
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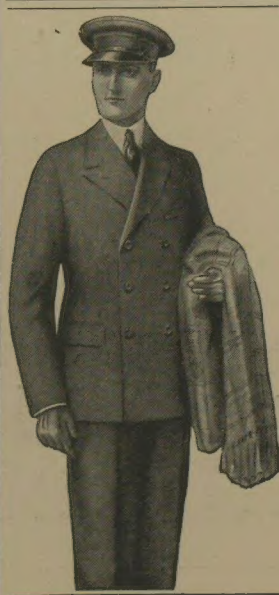
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